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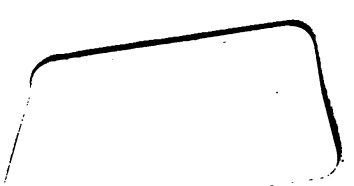

Scottish School-Book Association.

PROGRESSIVE SERIES.

MY FIFTH BOOK.

STEREOTYPE EDITION.

PUBLISHED FOR THE ASSOCIATION BY
WILLIAM COLLINS, SONS, & COMPANY,
GLASGOW, EDINBURGH & LONDON.
1867.

Price Ninepence.

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MY FIFTH BOOK.

SECTION I.

JAMIE AND ROVER.

thought	ti'-ny	friends
fright	min'-ute	nei'-ther
bright	peo'-ple	play'-ing

WELL may Jamie love Rover, and well may Rover love Jamie, for they have saved each other's lives. Shall I tell you how? Don't you think you would be very fond of a dog that had saved your life? Yes; I am sure you would. Well, this is what Rover did for Jamie. When he was a very little fellow, he was playing in his papa's garden, quite safe, as every one thought. And his nurse left him for two or three minutes sitting with Rover on the lawn. When she came back, both dog and child were gone. You may be sure she was in a sad fright, and called Jamie as loud as she could; and papa, and mama, and all the people in the house came running out to see what was the matter. Then

they heard Rover barking at a distance. And they ran to the place from which the sound came. And there lay Jamie, all wet and cold, on the grass, and Rover, wet too, stood over him, wagging his tail, as if in joy that he had saved him. For Rover had indeed saved Jamie's life. The child had trotted off when his nurse left him, and found his way to the pond; and while he stooped to pick a bright yellow water-lily, he fell in. You may be sure Rover was petted and made very much of ever after.

Now I will tell you how it came to pass that Jamie saved Rover's life. But neither Rover nor Jamie can remember anything about that, for Rover was a tiny pup and Jamie a baby. Rover was one of a litter of three or four puppies, and was doomed to be drowned. But when the puppies were taken out, on their way to the river, Jamie and his nurse met the man, and stopped to look at them. Now they were all nice little pups, but one of them, Rover, was prettier than any, and licked Jamie's little fat hand so softly, that the baby was quite pleased, and cried to have him. Just then papa came by, and seeing how much his little boy was taken with the puppy, he said he might have it for his own; and so first Jamie saved Rover from being drowned, and then Rover saved Jamie from being drowned; and after this I think you will not wonder that they both became very fast friends and play-fellows.

SUSY'S LITTLE SERVANTS.

talk	cous'-in	al'-most
aunt	scratch	beau'-ti-ful
guess	use'-ful	break'-fast

LITTLE Susy had a kind mother to take care of her, so you will perhaps wonder why she had a great many servants of her own. I shall tell you of only a very few, and then you can ask your mother to talk to you about the others. For, the little servants Susy had, you have too.

When first she was born, she did not know what they were for, or where they were. They did not know either, and so they were useless. Two of them were black, and so much alike, that you could not tell the one from the other. Susy kept them almost always shut up, so that nobody could see them. When her aunts and cousins came to see Susy, they would say: "I should think she might let *us* see them!" and would go away quite disappointed. These black servants were bright little things, and they soon learned to amuse Susy a great deal. One of the first things they did for her was to let her see the fire, and that she thought very beautiful.

Susy had another pair of twins for her servants, who knew so little what they were for, that they used to slap and scratch her face. Her mother said she should have to tie them up, if they did so. But though they did not know how to behave, they were very pretty, tiny things, like rose-leaves, or anything else soft and pink you can think of.

Susy had another pair of twins that she took no notice of for some months. They did not learn how to wait upon her so soon as some of the others did. They were restless little fat things, seldom still a moment, and almost all they knew was how to kick holes in her socks.

Susy had still another pair of twins that were very useful, for without them she would never have heard her mother sing, or her father whistle, or the shovel and tongs fall down and make such a charming noise; nor the pussy-cat say "mew!" nor the doggie say "bow-wow!"

She had one more little servant that she kept out of sight all the time. All it was good for at first, was to help her to a good many breakfasts, and dinners, and suppers, every day. But it became good for a great deal more after a while.

If I go on in this way, I am afraid you will be much puzzled. So if you will guess the names of these servants of Susy's, I will give you three guesses; and if you do not guess right the third time, you will have to peep into the glass, where you will see most of your own that I have talked about.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

LITTLE knees should lowly bend
At the time of prayer;
Little thoughts to heaven ascend,
To our Father there.

Little hands should usefully
In employment move;
Little feet should cheerfully
Run on works of love.

Little tongues should speak the truth,
As by Scripture taught;
Little lips should ne'er be loth
To confess a fault.

Little ears should listen to
All the Bible says;
Little bosoms throb to do
What the Lord will please.

Little infants dying go
To the world above;
And our souls shall join them too,
If we Jesus love.

IF YOU PLEASE.

Eu'-rope	be-lieve'	sour'-to-sy
sau'-cer	great'-est	ci-vil'-i-ties

When the Duke of Wellington was sick and dying, the last thing he took was his tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them. He who had

commanded the greatest armies in Europe, and was long used to the tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the small civilities of life. Ah, how many boys and girls *do*. What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers. They *order so*. This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows an evil nature and hard heart. In all your home talk remember, "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "if you please" will make you *better* served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Do not forget, then, the three little words, "*If you please.*"

ACTING LIES.

school	care'-ful	store'-room
chance	de-ceive'	i-mag'-ine
voice	pen'-cil	ex-am'-ine

"JANE, go into the store-room and fetch me a large blue jar," said a mother to her little girl. Jane put down her books, for she was going to school, and ran to the store-room, where, the first thing she saw, was a basket of large red apples. "I should like one of these to carry to school," she thought; but she did not know whether her mother would think it best for her to have one; so, instead of asking, she slipped the biggest she saw into her pocket, and covered her pocket over with her shawl, lest her mother should see it. This was an *acted* lie. Jane

then took the jar to her mother, and went to school with the apple, which proved to be a very hard and sour one, unfit to be eaten.

By-and-by Jane's class was called up to read, and Jane was very careful to place herself where her teacher would not be likely to take much notice of her. She had her book in her hand with her pencil between the pages of the lesson, and every now and then, watching her chance, she peeped into the book, and when the teacher looked that way, she appeared to be very attentive, but at other times she was trying very hard to eat her apple.

School being dismissed, Helen Brown went home with her, to get a book which Jane promised to lend her; but she did not want to let her mother know that school was done, lest she might want her to play with baby, or to help her in some way. So she opened the door very softly, and crept up stairs on tip-toe. A voice came from the sitting-room; "Jane, is that you?" It was her mother's voice, but Jane pretended she did not hear. She crept down, and out again, and did not get back for some time. "I thought I heard you come in some time ago," said her mother; "I wish it had been you, for I wanted you very much. Your brother Willie has been so ill." Jane said nothing, and how she felt, perhaps you can imagine.

We have followed Jane through a part of a day, and seen her just as she was, not as she *seemed* to be, to her mother and teacher; and what do you

think of her? There are many children like Jane, and perhaps they will see that what I have said of her, might be said of them. Jane, you see, was not a *truthful* child. "But she did not *tell* any lie," some one will say. No, but she *acted* lies; and you see in how many things she deceived in half a day. "Little things," perhaps you will say. But little things show what we really are, and make up our characters. There is no habit more dangerous than that of deceiving in little things, because it is so easily fallen into. Let every child who reads this, examine his conduct, and see if he is in danger of sliding into it. All deceit is displeasing to God, for he is a God of truth, and without iniquity.

TO MY LITTLE BOY.

LITTLE boy with laughing eye,
Bright and blue as yonder sky,
Come, and I will teach you, love,
Who it is that lives above.

It is God, who made the earth,
God who gave all creatures birth,
God who sees each sparrow fall,
God who reigns Great King of all.

God who sends the pleasant breeze,
Blowing sweet through flowers and trees;
God who gives you every joy,
God who loves you, little boy.

He is beautiful and bright,
Living in eternal light;
Would you not, in joy and love,
Wish to live with Him above?

Ask Him, then, the way to show,
How you may please Him here below;
Ask Him grace and help to send,
And trust in Christ your kindest friend.

You must learn to read and look
Often in his holy book;
Receive its truths, and you will find,
God is very good and kind.

THE MONKEY AND THE HAWK.

strike	cas'-tle	win'-dow
hawk	monk'-ey	de-light'
taught	pheas'-ant	chuc'-kle

THE cook of a French noble, whose castle is in the south of France, had a monkey that, by careful training, he had taught to do many things, such as plucking fowls, for instance, at which he had become very expert. One fine morning a pair of pheasants was given to the monkey to pluck. He took them to an open window of the kitchen, which looked into the park. He soon plucked one, which he laid

on the ledge of the window, and went on with the other. From a tree close by, a hawk had been watching the work, and he now darted down upon the plucked pheasant. In a minute he was away with it, and safely eating it in the tree. Poor master monkey was in a great fright, for he knew he should be well whipped for losing the bird. On a sudden a bright thought seemed to strike him, for he set to work with great zeal to pluck the other pheasant. When it was done, he placed it where he had put the other, and hid himself behind the shutter. The greedy hawk, having eaten the other, darted down on this one; but, before he could touch it, the cunning monkey sprang on him and wrung his neck. He then, with a chuckle of delight, stripped off his feathers, and took him with the pheasant to his master the cook. He gave them to him with a knowing air, which seemed to say, "Here are the two birds, sir; just what you gave me." What the cook said on finding one of the pheasants turned into a hawk is more than I can tell you.

THE BEAR AND THE CHILDREN.

bear	dan'-cing	clank'-ing
huge	sol'-dier	stair'-case
whilst	com'-rade	fa-mil'-iar-ly

THE master of a dancing-bear was sitting in an inn eating his supper, whilst the bear (poor harmless

beast!) was tied up in the yard behind the inn. In the room up stairs three little children were playing about. Tramp! tramp! was suddenly heard on the stairs. Who could it be? The door flew open, and behold! there entered the bear—the huge shaggy beast, with his clanking chain.

Tired of standing so long in the yard alone, Bruin had at length found his way to the staircase. At first the little children were in a terrible fright at this unexpected visit, and each ran into a corner to hide himself. But the bear found them all out, and put his muzzle snuffing up to them, but did not harm them in the least. He must be a big dog, thought the children, and they began to stroke him familiarly.

The bear stretched himself out at his full length upon the floor, and the youngest boy rolled over him, and nestled his curly head in the shaggy black fur of the beast. Then the eldest boy went and fetched his drum, and thumped away on it with might and main; whereupon the bear stood upon his hind legs, and began to dance! What glorious fun! Each boy shouldered his musket; the bear must of course have one too, and he held it tight and firm like any soldier. There's a comrade for you, my lads! And away they marched—one, two—one, two!

The door suddenly opened, and the children's mother entered. You should have seen her speechless with terror, her cheeks white as a sheet, and her eyes fixed with horror! But the youngest boy

nodded with a look of intense delight, and cried—"Mother, we are only playing at soldiers!" At that moment the master of the bear appeared.

THE STRUGGLE AND THE VICTORY.

through	heart	crea'-ture
thought	straight	tempt'-er
though	pas'-ture	mis'-chief

"JOHNNY," said a farmer to his little boy, "it is time for you to go to the pasture and drive home the cattle."

Johnny was playing at ball, and the pasture was a long way off, but he was accustomed to obey; so off he started without a word, as fast as his legs could carry him.

Being in a great hurry to get back to play, he only half let down the bars, and then hurried the cattle through, and one fine cow, in trying to crowd over, stumbled, and fell with leg broken.

Johnny stood by the suffering creature, and thought to himself, "Now, what shall I do? That was the finest cow father had, and it will have to be killed, and it will be a great loss to father. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him," whispered the tempter—the same tempter who puts wicked thoughts into all our hearts—"tell him you found the bars half down, and the creature lying there."

"No, I can't say that," said Johnny, "for that would be a lie."

"Tell him," whispered the tempter again, "that while you were driving the cows, that big boy of Farmer Brown's threw a stone and hurried that cow so that she fell."

"No, no," said Johnny; "I never told a lie, and I won't begin now. I'll tell my father *the truth*. It was all my fault. I was in a hurry, and I frightened the poor creature, and she fell and broke her leg."

So, having taken this right and brave resolve, Johnny ran home, as if he was afraid the tempter would catch him, and he went straight to his father, and told him the whole truth. And what did his father do?

He laid his hand on Johnny's head, and said—

"My son, my dear son, I would rather lose every cow I own than that my boy should tell an untruth."

And Johnny, though very sorry for the mischief he had done, was much happier than if he had told a lie to screen himself, even if he had never been found out.

THE PIGEONS

tail	caught	pig'-eon
pair	brought	there'-fore
build	hon'-est	neigh'-bour

WILLIAM and Henry, two active lads, were neighbours. William, who was rich, had many beautiful

pigeons; but Henry, who was poor, had only a few of the com-mon-est sort.

One day a pair of William's pigeons flew over to Henry's cot, and began to build there. Poor Henry thought, "How lucky I should be if these pigeons belonged to me! They shine as white as snow, and their heads and tails glisten as black as coals. Of all William's pigeons they please me much the best."

A strong desire came over him to shut them up and keep them. "But no," said he, "that I dare not do; that were indeed a sin! I will at once overcome the temp-ta-tion." So he shut the cot, caught the pigeons, and brought them to William.

Now William felt a great pleasure at the honesty of the poor lad; so he soon took the first eggs which he obtained from the beautiful pigeons, crept secretly to Henry's cot, and placed them under a common gray pigeon, instead of her own.

When, therefore, the young ones crept out of the shell, and became fledged, Henry was surprised to see that they were beautifully marked black and white, exactly like William's beautiful pair. He ran full of joy to William, and told him of the supposed wonder. William laughed; told him that he had changed the eggs, in order to show his gratitude to honest Henry; and said, at the end of the con-ver-sa-tion, "Always remain thus honest, dear Henry, for—

'On un-stained hands and honest breast
Be sure God's blessings always rest.'"

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

BE kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone:
Then 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness returned.

When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps,
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy reprove;
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love.

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
Oh! be kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

THE OAK AND THE REED.

(A FABLE.)

oak	yield	vi'-o-lent
bough	e-nough'	fruit'-less

AN oak, which hung over the bank of a river, was blown down by a violent storm of wind; and, as it was carried along by the stream, some of its boughs brushed against a reed which grew near the shore. This struck the oak with a thought of admiration, and he could not forbear asking the reed how it came to stand so secure and unhurt in a tempest which had been furious enough to tear an oak up by the roots. "Why," said the reed, "I secure myself by putting on a behaviour quite contrary to what you do. Instead of being stubborn and stiff, and confiding in my strength, I yield and bend to the blast, and let it go over me, knowing how vain and fruitless it would be to resist.

THE CAT.

grief	coiled	par'-lour
chair	spied	fa'-vour-ite
heath	cham'-ber	pit'-e-ous-ly

EVERY little boy and girl knows "Pussy." She is the most domestic of all animals; and whether she lies coiled up on the hearth-rug in the parlour, or warms herself by the kitchen fire, she is equally at home; she is in fact one of the family. Look at the little kitten rolling a ball across the room, or running after its own tail, how playful it is! Again,

look at the cat stealing softly across the garden—she has spied a poor bird—she draws near it—she crouches for a spring—she throws herself with all her force on her prey—and strikes it to the ground. A cat in a house always gives it an air of comfort; and pussy makes herself useful, too, by keeping rats and mice at a distance.

The cat is said to be an animal without affection, and that it is for food and shelter that she attaches herself to man. Yet many instances of strong affection may be given.

A lady had a favourite cat, which constantly lay at her feet, as if she was always ready to defend her. She never ventured to molest the birds her mistress kept. She would not take food from any hand save hers, nor would she allow any one else to caress her. At the death of the lady the poor cat was removed from her chamber, but she made her way there the next morning, went on the bed, sat upon her chair, and cried most piteously, as if lamenting her lost mistress. After the funeral the cat was found stretched on her mistress's grave, apparently having died from excess of grief.

THE LION.

tongue	suit'-ed	move'-ment
rough	mus'-cle	do-mes'-tic
slight	sore'-ly	qui'-et-ly

THE lion is well adapted for the purposes of its life. Its teeth are large and well suited for the tearing

of animal food. Its tongue is so rough that it can remove every part of the muscle from the bones of its victim. A gentleman, who had a tame young lion, one day fell asleep, leaving one of his hands hanging over the side of his couch. The lion, by way of showing his affection, began to lick the exposed hand. The rough tongue soon found its way through the skin, and caused a slight flow of blood, which was greedily licked off by the lion. The pain awoke the gentleman, who began to withdraw his hand from the caresses of the animal. But at the first movement, the lion uttered a short deep growl, which was repeated every time he tried to remove the hand. The animal had suddenly changed from a domestic pet to a wild beast, which had for the first time lapped blood and thirsted for more. His owner, sorely against his will, quietly slipped his other hand under the pillow, where he kept a ready-loaded pistol, and shot the lion through the head. If he had hesitated much longer, it would have cost him his life.

THE OSTEND DONKEYS.

their	wom'-an	mead'-ow
there	wom'-en	hate'-ful
plague	pa'-tient	hol'-i-day

THE donkeys at Ostend are very kindly treated by their owners, the market-women. These useful, patient creatures, after they have carried their loads

to the market-place, are turned together into a barn, or a large stable, till the market is over.

But how do you think their owners contrive to get them out of the stable again, when they are wanted to have their loads once more put on their backs? Do you think that a man is sent in among them with a long whip to flog them out, or with a stick that has a spike at the end of it to compel them to quit the place? Neither the one nor the other. Such a course is altogether unnecessary, for no sooner is the stable door open, than off they set of their own accord. Up go their ears, their heels, and their tails, and without waiting to look behind them, they scamper away to their owners, as if they were about to keep a holiday in a fine sunny meadow.

And these are the animals that men call sluggish, stubborn, and stupid. These are the creatures that thoughtless and cruel boys love to plague, and cudgel, and pelt with stones.

The vice of cruelty renders a young person hateful. Set a boy before me, and tell me that he is sharp, shrewd, and clever; yet if you add that he is cruel to dumb creatures, I care nothing for his sharpness, shrewdness, and cleverness, for he is, at best, but a disgrace to himself and to all belonging to him.

However right he seems to play his part,
He must be wrong who has a harden'd heart.

A CALM AT SEA.

THE sky is clear, the sky is fair,
The wave is resting on the Ocean;
And far and near the silent air
Just lifts the flag with faintest motion.

There is no gale to fill the sail—
No wind to heave the curling billow;
The streamers droop, and, humbling, stoop,
Like boughs that crown the weeping willow.

From off the shore is heard the roar
Of waves in softest motion rolling;
The twinkling stars and whispering airs,
Are all to peace the heart controlling.

The moon is bright; her ray of light
In silver pales the blue of heaven,
Or tints with gold, where lightly rolled,
Like fleecy snow, the rack is driven.

How calm and clear the silent air!
How smooth and still the glassy Ocean!
While stars above seem lamps of love,
To light the temple of devotion.

THE CROW AND THE PITCHER.

A crow ready to die with thirst, flew with joy to a pitcher which he beheld at some distance. When he came he found water in it, indeed, but so near the bottom, that he was not able to reach it. He then tried to overturn the pitcher, but in vain. At last, seeing some small stones near the place, he cast them one by one into the pitcher, and thus by degrees raised the water to the brim, and satisfied his thirst.

THE CHILD'S TALENT.

God entrusts to all
Talents, few or many;
None so young and small
That they have not any.

Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.

God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given.

SECTION II.

MARY AND HER LITTLE FRIEND.

grief	voice	pleas'-ure
built	strength	al-though'
doubt	or'-phan	ac-quaint'-ed

MARY is a little orphan. Once she had a father and mother, who loved her very dearly; but it pleased God to take them away to a better world, and Mary was left alone. Mary cried very sadly at first; and though she does not sit down and weep day by day, as she used to do, yet her little heart is often very sad and lonely; and at night, when she lays her head down on her pillow, she often sobs herself to sleep. But Mary has not much time for sad thoughts in the day. She is a little servant-girl now, in a cottage with an old mistress, who is often very unkind to her, and makes Mary work far too hard for her strength, which is but that of a child, for she is only twelve years old. But Mary has her pleasures too, in spite of all her sorrows. For so good is our great God and Father, that He spreads joys as well as griefs in the path of even the most sorrowful of His creatures. Mary has one little friend, whose love

makes her very happy; and although he has it not in his power to take away any of her trials, he does his best to comfort her under them. And who do you think this little friend is? Nothing more nor less than a pretty robin redbreast. I will tell you how Mary became acquainted with her little pet. One day last winter Mary found him on the ground almost dead with cold; for the frost had killed every little plant that peeped above the ground, and the earth was not only frozen down too far for worms to venture up, but had been quite covered with snow for a great many days. So poor little robin had looked for food in vain, and the cold had nipped his poor little wings and feet, and at last he sank down upon the ground, and there he lay and was just about to die. But Mary, who had been sent out into the cold garden by her mistress to beat some carpets, though her poor little hands and feet were half frozen too, found him lying in the snow. She snatched him up with joy, and put him in her bosom to try and warm his little heart. After a few minutes she felt him move, and in a very short time he was able to stand on the kitchen-table, where Mary set him. There was an old cage hanging up in the wash-house, in which a goldfinch had lately died; Mary put robin into this, and gave him both food and water. At first she shut the door, but the next day she left it open, and robin flew in and out as he liked. He was so tame that he would hop on

the table and peck the loaf. Day by day he grew tamer, till at last he did not seem to care about going away at all. Mary left the door and window open, but he always stayed with her till the snow was gone; then he flew away, but often came back, as if to see how his kind friend got on. In the summer he built his nest near the house; and now it is winter again, he comes to the window and takes crumbs from her hand; and as there is snow on the ground, I have no doubt he will once more come to live with Mary in the kitchen as before, and his song is so sweet it comforts Mary like her mother's voice.

THE FABLE OF THE RAIN-DROP.

rain	er'-rand	be-lieve'
stalk	ceased	be-cause'
whole	ploughed	talk'-ing

THERE was once a farmer who had a large field of fine land; he ploughed it, and sowed it with corn, and weeded it with great care, as he had nothing else to depend on for the support of his wife and children. But after he had worked so hard, he saw the corn beginning to droop for want of rain, and he thought he should lose his crop. This made him very sad, and he went out every day to look at his corn, and see if there was any hope of rain.

One day, as he stood looking at the sky very sadly, two little rain-drops up in the clouds over

his head saw him, and one said to the other, "Look at that poor farmer; I feel sorry for him; he has taken such pains with his field of corn, and now it is all drooping; I wish I could do him some good."

"Yes," said the other; "but you are only a little rain-drop; and what can you do? You can't wet even one hillock."

"Well," said the first, "to be sure I can't do much, but I can cheer the farmer a little, at any rate, and I mean to do my best. I'll try; I'll go to the field to show my good-will, if I can do no more; so here I go."

And down went the rain-drop, and came pat on the farmer's nose, and then fell on one stalk of corn.

"Dear me," said the farmer, "what's that? A rain-drop! Where did that come from? I do believe we shall have a shower."

The first rain-drop had no sooner started than the second one said, "Well, if you go, I'll go too;" so down it dropped, and fell on another stalk of corn. By this time a great many rain-drops had come up to hear what their friends were talking of. So when they heard them, and saw them going to water the corn, and cheer the farmer's heart, one of them said, "If you are going on such a good errand, I'll go too." And down he came. "So will I"—"So will I"—said the others, till a whole shower of them came, and the corn ceased to droop, and grew, and got ripe, and all because the little rain-drop did what it could.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower
I'd better not grow up;"
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell,
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell.

Suppose the glistening dew-drop
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
I'd better roll away."
The blade on which it rested
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way;
Who would not miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
If they were talking so.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too.

It wants a loving spirit
  Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
  For others by his love.

ATTEND TO GOOD ADVICE.

ice	ad-vice'	trem'-ble
pause	now'-and	com-pan'-ions
school	e-nough'	im-me'-di-ate-ly

FRANK was coming from school one very cold day in winter, and as he was passing with the other boys over a bridge, he saw that the river was covered with ice. "Come," said he to his companions, "let us have a slide!" They were all ready to join him, and immediately ran down the steps that led to the river. At the bottom of the steps an old man met them, who said, "Boys, do not go on the ice, it is not strong enough to bear you." This made the rest of them pause, and fear to venture upon the ice. Frank was the only one who paid no attention to the warning of the old man. He stepped upon the ice, and called out to his companions, "For shame, you cowards! what is there to be afraid of?" But he had not gone many steps before the ice broke under his feet, and in he plunged up to the neck in water. All the boys ran off crying out loudly, and Frank must have perished, if the old man had not run to the spot and saved him. Frank trembled from head to foot, and at

first could not utter a word. Though his wet clothes were taken off, and great care was taken of him, he was very ill, and confined to his bed for several days.

"Remember, in future," said his father, after his recovery, "that those who do not attend to good advice will suffer for it."

JAMES AND ROBERT.

year	thrive	ap-proach'
wrong	grieve	pre-vent'-ed
field	advice	dis-po-si'-tion

JAMES and Robert were brothers, the one being about seven years of age, and the other less than five. James was a boy of good sense, and fine dispositions. Robert was as good a boy; but, being younger, he had less sense, and oftener did wrong. One day, these two boys took a walk into the fields. As they passed along Robert observed a bird's nest in a hedge. The parent bird, which was sitting in the nest, flew out at their approach, and when they looked in, they saw three young ones, which she had just been feeding. Robert wished to take the young ones out, and carry them home; but James prevented him. "Papa," he said, "told me long ago, that it is wrong to rob bird's nests. The birds love their young ones just as much as our father and mother love us. When their little ones are taken away, they grieve as much for them as our

papa and mama would grieve, if any wicked person were to come to our house, and take away us and the little babies. Besides, young birds can only thrive under a mother's care, and when boys take them, they almost always die miserably. It will be much better to let the poor bird keep her little family at home in her nest, till they are fit to fly, and to take care of themselves." Robert had not thought of this before, but he now saw that it would be wrong to give so much pain even to a bird, and he resolved to follow his brother's advice.

It happened that their father was on the other side of the hedge, where he heard all that his children had said. He now came across to them, and told them that they had been very good boys, and he loved them more than he had ever done before. He said that boys who could wantonly rob a bird of its young ones, showed that they had cruel hearts, and were likely to be more cruel afterwards. He was delighted to think that he had two sons who already felt it to be wrong to rob birds' nests.

THE BLIND BOY.

"DEAR MARY," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid;
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed, and gently said—
"Sister, I wish that I could see.

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there—
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,
Though sight, alas! He has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see;
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"O Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God."

Ere long, disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy, so meek and mild;
His widow'd mother wept, and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said—"Oh! never weep for me;
I'm going to a better place,
Where God my Saviour I shall see.

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;
But, mother, when you get up there,
Tell me, dear mother, that 'tis you;
You know I never saw you here."

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,
Until the final blow was given,
When God took up that poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes in heaven.

WHIP BEHIND.

sight	laughed	mean'-ness
brought	car'-riage	sym'-pa-thy
thought	qui'-et-ly	self'-ish-ness

PASSING along the streets of a large city a few da ago, I saw an instance of meanness and selfishn in a little boy, which I will not soon forget. could not learn the boy's name, but, for convenien I shall call him Savage, as he showed such a sava temper.

A carriage was passing by, the horse going pret fast. Two boys were running behind, to get c out of sight of the driver, and have a ride. One them succeeded in getting on. Just as Savage w about to get hold, the driver happened to strike t horse. The horse sprang forward, and left hi behind. Savage was angry because the other b had got on, and he had not; so he called to t driver, "Whip behind! whip behind!" as loud he could. The driver heard him, and fearing th

somebody was hanging on behind, brought his heavy lash around, and struck the boy across the face. The blow left a large cut in his face, and hurt him much. He fell from his seat upon the pavement, and that hurt him more. Savage laughed at the poor little boy's sufferings, and never went up to him, to offer him any sympathy, but stood on the side walk taunting him; "You got it—I am glad of it."

What made Savage cry out, "Whip behind?" It was not because he thought the boy had no business there, nor because he wanted to do the driver a favour; for he would have got on himself, if he could have done it; but purely because of his mean and savage disposition. He could not bear to see the other boy enjoying a ride that he could not enjoy. Had Savage got on, he would not have called to the driver, "Whip behind!" He would have been glad to have enjoyed the ride quietly, but he could not bear to see the other boy enjoying a pleasure that he could not enjoy.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE PEACOCK.

cloak	gaud'-y	sab'-bath
chance	nice'-ly	pea'-cock
brought	stalk'-ing	beau'-ti-ful

It was on a Sabbath morning, in the early spring, that a party of nicely dressed children were on their way to Sunday-school. They stopped for one of their companions at the gate of a cottage. The door

opened, and a little girl, gaily dressed in a new hat and smart new frock, came tripping down the walk. "Why," she cried, in a tone of surprise and almost disdain, "have you not got on your spring things yet! Do you know that I was quite tired of my dark winter hat and cloak. Winter things look so dull and heavy now. There, how do you like my new bonnet? Mother wanted me to have a straw, but I would not, they are so plain. I think this light green silk is lovely; and my dress is just the same shade. I never had such a dress before, and I gave mother no rest till she bought this for me. Say, now, do you not all think they are pretty? Don't you wish you were I?" The vain little creature had rattled on so fast with her speech, that her companions had not a chance of putting in a word. Just then a peacock, which had been stalking about in the yard of a gentleman's house, suddenly alighted near them, and spreading out to its full extent his beautiful tail, with its glittering eyes, and arching his fine neck, whose feathers shone like gold and purple satin in the sun, he uttered a loud shrill cry, as though exulting in his own gay appearance, and bidding every one to come and admire him.

A gentleman, who was standing on the spot, and who had heard and seen all, could not forbear a smile. The children saw him watching them, and the eye of the little girl in the new bonnet and dress met his eye fixed upon her. He did not speak a word, but looked at the gay bird before them on

the fence, and then on the vain girl, who was quick as well as vain. She understood him perfectly. She blushed at having been overheard in her folly, and, well aware that she deserved the rebuke, hurried on, ashamed to think that she was as proud as a peacock with his gaudy feathers.

It was a severe lesson, but she never forgot it, and it did her good.

THE DOG.

scent	coast	e-scape'
eight	friend	sin-cere'
beach	us'-age	as-sist'-ance

THE dog is to be found in every part of the world where the foot of man has trodden, and everywhere is it the same attached and faithful animal. The dog is a great blessing to man. It watches and defends his property by night; and is his willing servant and his faithful friend during the day. What perfect faith, what sincere love, has the dog towards his master! It will follow him through want and poverty, it will risk its own life to save his, and cases have been known where dogs have died of grief for the loss of their master.

The dog, so faithful and attached to man, will suffer almost any ill usage, rather than turn upon his master, or even forsake him. He often knows his master's wish by his looks, and will do anything in his power to please him. He seems not to care

how ill he may be fed, if he has but his master's love; for it is that alone he seeks, and it is that alone which can make him happy. What a monster must that man or boy be, who can be cruel to so kind and generous a creature! Many dogs have, by their good sense, been the means of saving their masters' lives; and many stories of this sort are told, which are very wonderful, and yet quite true. How quick their scent is, we all know. I have seen a man take from his pocket a shilling, or any other piece of money, and after it had been mixed up with twenty or thirty belonging to another person, his dog at once picked out his master's. If the pieces were piled one above another, the dog threw down the heap, and at once picked up the right one; or if they were laid in a row, he ran his nose along the row till he came to his master's, which he brought off in his mouth.

One day a vessel was driven on the coast of Kent. It contained eight men, who cried piteously for help. The sea was so rough that no boat could put off to their assistance. At length a gentleman with his Newfoundland dog came on the beach. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick in his mouth. The dog at once saw what his master meant. He sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver the piece of wood, but when the crew threw him a piece of wood with a rope tied to it, he

dropped his own and seized that which had been thrown to him, dragged it through the waves, and at length laid it at his master's feet. A means of escape was thus formed, and every man on board was saved from a watery grave.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I AM coming, little maiden!
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the honey for the bee;
With the blossom for the tree;
With the flower and with the leaf:
Till I come the time is brief.

I am coming! I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing:
Little maiden, now is spring!

See, the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks so green
Star-like primroses are seen;
Every little stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white.

Hark! the little lambs are bleating;
And the cawing rooks are meeting

In the elms—a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven!
God for thee the spring has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food—
Pour thy soul in gratitude!

STORIES OF DOGS.

due	thieves	oc-ca'-sion
cause	seized	o-be'-di-ent
aunt	per-ceive'	fa-vour-ite

TINY is a clever little dog, which I had the pleasure of seeing when on a visit to my aunt a few months ago. He justly deserves to be a great favourite with his young mistress. Tiny sleeps in a little box in a passage leading from the hall to the garden. Some time ago the family were retiring to rest, when Tiny began to bark very much. Although usually a very obedient dog, yet on this occasion he would not be quiet, but barked louder and louder. Anxious to find out the cause, some one came down stairs into the passage. Tiny ran barking to the door leading into the garden, when it was found that the servant had forgotten to

fasten the door. On the door being properly fastened, Tiny went off to his bed as quiet as a lamb. On other occasions he has given due warning of the house not being properly secured against thieves.

A lady had once a favourite little dog, and a very pretty little fellow he was, with long curly hair, and two pretty ears which lapped over his eyes. Dash was not one of those idle, snarling, snappish, over-fed "lap-dogs;" oh, no! but rather what we might call "a useful little pet." Dash was useful in many little ways, but more especially in performing the part of an errand-boy. The lady would take Dash up in her lap, then, pointing to a little basket on the floor, would say, "Pretty Dash, I want you to be so kind as to fetch me some tea and sugar from the grocer." As soon as she had said "grocer," Dash would look up in her face and answer "Bow-wow;" meaning, of course, "Yes, yes." He would then take the basket in his mouth, scamper down the street, bringing back the articles safe and sound. You must not suppose that Dash really asked for the goods; he only took the basket, in which was a slip of paper naming the articles wanted. The grocer generally served Dash as soon as he entered the shop, for this reason: Dash did not like waiting, so that if the grocer did not perceive him, Dash would soon let him know, by setting up barking, to the annoyance of other customers. Dash was never found loitering along the street, like too many little boys and girls, when

sent on errands. Little boys and girls, and big boys and girls too, may take a lesson from Dash, and always go willingly, quickly, and obediently. They will not only please their parents, but will feel a happy reward in their own breasts. God has promised to bless good and obedient children.

A gamekeeper of my acquaintance has a dog that has been trained to bring from home almost any article that his master requires. A gentleman, who doubted the fact, stayed in the keeper's house one day to watch the dog, who was to be sent a distance of about four miles for his master's "*Shot-belt No. 1.*" When the dog arrived at the house he began to bark, so as to gain the attention of his mistress. On being admitted, he looked up at the various articles on the wall, as much as to say, "My master has sent me for one of his belts." There were several belts hung in a row on the wall, and the keeper's wife took down No. 4; but the dog refused to take it. All the others, except No. 1, were handed down, but the sagacious creature would not touch one of them. The moment, however, "No. 1" was handed down, the noble animal eagerly seized it, and off he scampered as fast as his legs would carry him, and soon laid the required belt at his master's feet.

STORIES OF THE FOX.

tales	draught	ap-proach'
cheat	in-duce'	know'-ledge
o'-dour	suc-cess'	al-low'-ance

MANY are the tales of the cunning of the fox. A tame fox that was kept in a stable-yard was on very friendly terms with several of the dogs; but he could never induce the cats to come near him. Cats have very keen smell, and the odour arising from his body was displeasing to them; they would not walk on any spot where the fox had been standing, and kept at as great a distance from him as possible. The fox soon saw the distaste of the cats to his company, so he made use of his knowledge to cheat them out of their breakfasts. As soon as their allowance of milk was poured out, he would run to the spot, and walk round the saucer, knowing that none of the cats would approach the defiled place. Day after day the cats were deprived of their milk, but the trick of the fox having been discovered, it was removed to some place where he could not get at it. The fox not wishing to be deprived of his morning draught, fell upon another plan for obtaining it. The dairymaid was in the habit of passing through the yard where the fox was, so he managed to go up to her, and brush himself against one of the pails; the milk immediately was so tainted with the smell of the fox, that the dairymaid did not venture to take it into the house; so she poured it out into

a vessel and gave it to the fox. He repeated this several times with success, but the spoiled milk having been given to the pigs, he left off troubling himself about it.

A cunning fox has been seen fishing for crabs. And how do you think he set about it? Why, he let down the end of his tail into the shallow water among the rocks on the sea-shore; and as often as the silly crabs seized this curious bait, he hauled them up and devoured them.

One day a peasant, finding a fox plundering a farm-yard, struck it with such force that he thought he had killed it. So he took it up by the tail, and slung it across his back, with the intention of carrying it home. While he was trudging along, the fox, finding hanging by the tail not the most comfortable position, gave that part of the man's body near which his mouth was a sharp bite. The astonished peasant at once let go his hold of the fox, which scampered off, leaving the man in a state of fright and pain.

On one occasion a fox, hard pushed by the hounds, suddenly disappeared, and was, after a long search, found immersed in a pool of water up to the very snout, by which he held a willow branch which hung over the pool.

SONG OF A CAPTIVE.

I DREAM of all things free!
Of a gallant, gallant bark,
That sweeps through storm and sea
Like an arrow to its mark!
Of a stag that o'er the hills
Goes bounding in his glee;
Of a thousand flashing rills—
Of all things glad and free!

I dream of some proud bird—
A bright-eyed mountain king;
In my visions I have heard
The rushing of his wing.
I follow some wild river,
On whose breast no sail may be;
Dark woods around it shiver—
I dream of all things free!

Of a happy forest child,
With the fawns and flowers at play;
Of an Indian 'midst the wild,
With the stars to guide his way;
Of a chief his warriors leading;
Of an archer's greenwood tree—
My heart in chains is bleeding,
And I dream of all things free!

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, little Alice, good night,
Lay on the soft pillow your head,
And safe from the wind and the storm,
Go to rest in your nice little bed.

Good night, little Alice, good night,
The kind Shepherd Jesus is near;
And that eye never slumbers nor sleeps,
So my darling has nothing to fear.

Good night, little Alice, good night,
Remember your evening prayer;
And let it be solemn and slow,
For God the All-seeing is there.

HYMN.

Father of peace, and God of love!
We own thy power to save;
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

O! may thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep thy precepts still;

That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise;
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in thine eyes.

SECTION III.

THE TRAVELLERS AND THE BEAR.

(A FABLE.)

ear	car'-cass	ras'-cals
bear	crea'-ture	cow'-ard-ly
though	con'-fi-dence	trav'-el-ling

Two men travelling through a forest together, promised to stand by each other in any danger they should meet upon the way. They had not gone far before a bear came rushing towards them out of a thicket, upon which one, being a light nimble fellow, got up into a tree; the other, falling flat upon his face and holding his breath, lay still, while the bear came up and smelled at him; but that creature, supposing him to be a dead carcass, went back again into the wood without doing him the least harm. When all was over, the man who had climbed up the tree came down to his companion, and, with a pleasant smile, asked him what the bear had said to him, "for," said he, "I took notice that he clapped his mouth very close to your ear." "Why," replied the other, "he charged me to take care for the future not to put any confidence in such cowardly rascals as you are."

THE UNGRATEFUL SNAKE.

(A FABLE.)

caught	hearth	up-braid'-ing
brought	dread'-ful	per-ceiv'-ing

A MAN, in the midst of winter, found a snake under a hedge almost dead with cold. He could not help having pity on the poor creature, so he brought it home, and laid it upon the hearth near the fire; but it had not lain there long, before, being revived by the heat, it began to erect itself, and fly at his wife and children, filling the whole cottage with dreadful hissings and alarm. The man, hearing an outcry, and perceiving what the matter was, caught up an axe, and soon killed the snake, upbraiding it at the same time in these words:—"Vile wretch, is this the reward you make to him who saved your life? Die, as you deserve, though a single death is too good for you."

THE WHITE DOVE.

THERE sitteth a dove, so white and fair,
All on the lily spray,
And she listeneth when to our Saviour dear
The little children pray.

Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,
And to heaven's gate hath sped,
And unto the Father in heaven she bears
The prayers that the children have said.

And back she comes from heaven's gate,
And brings—that dove so mild—
From the Father in heaven, who hears her speak,
A blessing for every child.

Then, children, lift up a pious prayer;
It hears whatever you say,
That heavenly dove, so white and fair,
That sits on the lily spray.

THE FIVE SENSES.

shoul'-ders	nos'-trils	de-scends'
en-closed'	mov'-a-ble	per-ceiv'-ing
eye'-brows	pal'-ate	qual'-i-ties

MAN holds himself upright on his feet. His head is erect on his shoulders. He has two arms and two legs. He takes hold of things with his hands. The soles of his feet rest on the ground. The head turns to the right and to the left. The top of his head is called the skull. Upon it is the hair. Within the skull is the brain, which is enclosed there as in a box of bone. This box secures it against blows. On the face are seen the eyes, nose, mouth, and chin; and on each side the ears. The eyes are shut by means of the eye-lids, which shelter them from the air and too much light. Above the eyes are the eye-lashes; higher still are the eye-brows. Man sees with his eyes what is near him, and also what is not too far off. The nose is between the

eyes and the mouth; its two holes are called nostrils; with the nose are perceived smells. The mouth has two lips, which are both movable. Under the mouth is the chin. Within the mouth are the palate, the tongue, and the teeth. The teeth are fixed in the jawbones, and are ranged in two rows, which are applied to one another. With the teeth we grind our food; the tongue brings the food under the teeth, and at the same time the saliva moistens it; it descends afterwards into the throat, and thence into the stomach. While food is in the mouth, the tongue and the palate feel the flavour of it. The mouth serves also for speaking; the voice comes from the lungs; the mouth, the lips, the tongue, the teeth, and the palate, form speech. Man perceives smell by his nose; tastes by his tongue; with his ears he hears sounds; with his eyes he sees the colour, form, and motion of bodies; with his skin he feels them. All these means of perceiving the qualities of objects are called the *senses*. Thus man has five senses—*sight, hearing, taste, smell,* and *touch*.

THE CAT AND THE SPANIEL.

mar'l	span'-iel	con-tin'-ue
ac'-tive	kit'-tens	grad'-u-al-ly
ex-act'	pup'-pies	trib-u-la'-tion

THE love of cats for their kittens is very well known, and even when they have been drowned,

puss has continued to bring them food, calling on all hands for her young ones to partake of it. She has been known to supply the loss of her kittens by the young of other animals.

A little black spaniel had five puppies, which were considered too many for her to bring up. As, however, the breed was much in request, her mistress was unwilling that any of them should be killed, and she asked the cook whether she thought it would be possible to bring some of them up by hand before the kitchen-fire. In reply, the cook observed, that the cat had that day kittened, and that two puppies might be exchanged for two kittens. The cat made no objection, took to them kindly, and gradually all the kittens were taken away, and the cat nursed the two puppies only. Now the first curious fact was, that the two puppies nursed by the cat were, in a fortnight, as active, forward, and playful as kittens would have been; they had the use of their legs, barked, and frisked about; while the other three, nursed by the mother, were whining and rolling about like fat slugs. The cat gave them her tail to play with, and they were always in motion; they soon ate meat, and long before the others they were fit to be removed. This was done, and the cat became very sad. She prowled about the house, and on the second day of her trouble fell in with the little spaniel who was nursing the three other puppies. "Oh," says puss, putting up her back, "it is you

who have stolen my children!" "No," replied the spaniel with a snarl; "they are my own flesh and blood." "That won't do," said the cat; "I'll take my oath before any justice of the peace that you have my two puppies." Thereupon there was a desperate combat, which ended in the defeat of the spaniel, and in the cat walking off proudly with one of the puppies, which she took to her own bed. Having deposited this one, she returned, fought again, gained another victory, and redeemed another puppy. Now it is very singular that she should only have taken two, the exact number she had been deprived of.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

lambs	se-cure'	ser'-vice
search	pur'-sue	mid'-night
great'-est	ni'-ce-ty	as-sist'-ant

THE shepherd's dog is of more service to him than a hundred boys would be. He knows every one of his master's sheep, and if two flocks are mixed, he can separate them with the greatest nicety. He knows every sign and gesture of his master, and can drive the sheep to any place he may point out. There was once a famous shepherd's dog, whose name was Sirrah, who was very clever in managing a flock of sheep. About weaning-time, his master and an assistant had under their care seven hundred lambs. At midnight the flock broke away, and

scampered off in three divisions across the hills. The night was so dark that the shepherd could not see his dog; but he called out to him that the lambs had gone away. The faithful dog heard and understood what his master had said, and set off in search of the wandering flock. The shepherd did all he could to find the lambs, but though he scoured the whole country, he could see nothing of them or of his dog Sirrah. There was nothing for him to do but to go home and tell that he had lost every one of the lambs. On his way home, however, he saw a number of lambs at the foot of a hill, and there, too, was Sirrah, standing guard over them. He thought that the dog had managed to secure one of the three divisions; but how great was his joy when he found that the whole flock was there, and that not one lamb was missing from the number! How Sirrah had got them all together was indeed a puzzle to his master.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

ONE step, and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch, and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral-workers,
By their slow but constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated efforts
Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
O'er the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavour day by day
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain.

"Rome was not builded in a day,"
The ancient proverb teaches;
And nature, by her trees and flowers,
The same sweet sermon preaches.
Think not of far-off duties,
But of duties which are near;
And having once begun to work,
Resolve to persevere.

FISH.

sea	caught	her'-ring
bait	friends	sal'-mon
gills	swim'-ming	whit'-ing

ONE day I saw a boy standing on the bank of a river, and holding in his hand a long rod, from one end of which there hung down a long line into the water. At the end of this line there was a small hook, on which he had put a red worm for a bait. He dropped the hook into the water, and after a short time a fish came, and, biting at the worm, the hook went through its mouth and held it fast. When the boy had thus caught a great many fishes, which he put into a basket, he carried them home for supper to himself and friends. The fishes which he caught were called trout, and are very good to eat. There are, however, many different kinds of fish both in rivers and in the sea. Those that live in the sea are sometimes caught with hooks, and sometimes with large nets. They are either sold when fresh, or after they have been pickled with salt. Herrings are caught in the sea with nets. When they have been salted and hung up in the smoke to dry, they turn red, and are then called red herrings. Fishes cannot live in the air, or on land, but die soon after they are taken out of the water. They swim and move about from place to place by waving their fins and tail. While fishes

are swimming they suck in water through their mouths, and let it out through slits at their neck, which are called gills. Those fish which are most used for food are herrings, salmon, cod, ling, trout, and whitings. The largest fish known to man is the white shark, which is so large and strong that it has been known to bite through a man's body, cutting it in two at one bite. The smallest fish is the minnow, which boys catch in burns, or in the shallow parts of rivers.

The whale is often called a fish, because it lives in the sea, but it differs from fishes in that it requires to come above the water to breathe the air, and has warm blood, while fishes have cold blood, and do not require to come up to breathe.

JOWLER AND SPOT.

doubt	proud	sen'-si-ble
ailed	yelp'-ing	dye'-works
stretch	par'-lour	hearth'-rug

In the extensive spinning and dye works in a town where I was at school, two dogs were kept. One of them was of a rather large size, the other quite small. The name of the largest one was Jowler, and the other Spot. Spot was a pretty dog, and seemed so proud of being taken notice of, and allowed to rest himself on the office hearth-rug

beside his master, and to sit in the parlour, take scraps of the little children's bread or c that one would suppose he felt at liberty to bel rudely to Jowler, for he would snarl and bark w Jowler came near him, and seemed to want to l their master's love all to himself. Jowler was yard watch-dog. One day, when Spot was ramb about the yard, he carelessly missed his footin a narrow path between the dye-pits, and fell one of them. No person was near at the tim poor Spot had to keep swimming from side to vainly trying to climb out. Alas! the sides steep and smooth; there was no hold for even a l dog's paw; and he went round and round, and ac again and again, and began to feel quite tired of cold water. But no help came, though he cried as loudly as he could in his dog-talk, yelping barking in a manner that told of his distress. N the large dog was not far away, and no doubt had been listening all the while; but Spot had n been kind to him, why should he be kind to S Jowler never had been taught the "golden r never had been bid to "love" his "enemies;" poor Spot still shouted on, though now in a wea voice. Just then, their master entered the pit-y having heard Spot's voice, and wondered what a him; and there he saw Jowler quietly walk to edge of the pit, stretch himself at full length al the narrow edge, bend over the side of the pit— water was so high that it brought Spot just wit

his reach—catch the little dog by the back of the neck, and gently carry the poor dripping thing into a broad, safe place. Was not this good in Jowler? And Jowler's kind master did not forget it; but always after this took more notice of the faithful watch-dog, and saw that he got many a nice bone to pick, for the sensible way he saved the little one.

After this, Spot and Jowler were the best of friends. They used to walk and run about, and sleep together; and Spot quite left off the rude habit of snarling at his good friend, so that Jowler found he had not merely lost an enemy, but had also gained a friend.

WINTER SONG.

How deep a sleep hath bound thee!
A snowy shroud is round thee,
  O Earth, our mother fair!
Where now are Spring's gay flowers,
And Summer's golden hours,
  And those green robes thou once didst wear?

How tranquil are thy slumbers!
No shepherd's tuneful numbers
  By vale or stream resound.
Sweet summer songs are over;
The swallow—joyous rover—
  In all our fields no more is found.

A Father's hand hath dressed thee
In wintry robes; so rest thee
Beneath his watchful sight:
Thy wintry slumbers breaking,
We soon shall see thee waking,
In radiant robes of lovely light.

CUNNING OF A FOX.

field	caught	con-cealed'
chance	cau'-tious	de-spatched
course	con-ve'-ni-ent	ap-pa'-rent

I WENT one summer morning before daybreal try to shoot a stag, which had done great dan to the crops. Just after it was daylight, I sa large fox come very quietly along the edge of plantation where I was concealed. He looked v great care over the turf-wall into the field, seemed to long very much to get hold of some h that were feeding in it, but apparently knew he had no chance of catching them by dint of ning. After considering a short time, he seeme have formed his plans; for, having examined different gaps in the wall by which the hares m go in and out, he fixed upon the one that see the most frequented, and laid himself down clos it, like a cat watching a mouse-hole. Cunning he was, he was too intent on his own hunting t aware that I was within twenty yards of him v

a loaded rifle. I was amused to see the fellow so completely outwitted, and kept my rifle ready to shoot him if he found me out and tried to escape.

In the meantime I watched his plans. He first with great silence and care scraped a small hollow in the ground as a hiding-place for himself; every now and then, however, he stopped to listen, and sometimes to take a most cautious peep into the field. When he had done this, he laid himself down in a convenient posture for springing upon his prey, and remained perfectly motionless. When the sun began to rise, the hares came one by one from the field to the covert of the plantation. Three had already come in without passing by his ambush. One of them came within twenty yards of him, but he made no movement beyond crouching still more flatly to the ground. Presently two came directly towards him. Though he did not venture to look up, I saw by the motion of his ears that those quick organs had already warned him of their approach. The two hares came through the gap together, and the fox, springing with the quickness of lightning, caught one and killed it. He then lifted up his booty, and was carrying it off, when my rifle stopped his course, and I went up and despatched him. After seeing this, I never wondered again as to how a fox could make prey of animals much quicker than himself, and apparently quite as cunning.

THE CHILD WITH FLOWERS.

A CHILD beside a running stream
Sat smilingly at play;
Her hands were filled with pretty flowers,
Which made her young heart gay.
She gazed upon them with delight,
They were so beautiful and bright.

And ever and anon, a flower
Into the stream she cast;
Then clapped her hands, and smiled to see
How swift it glided past.
And thus she threw them one by one,
Till all her pretty flowers were gone.

Then when she found no more were left,
The little maiden wept;
And wished, but wished in vain, that she
Her pretty flowers had kept.
The stream refused to hear her cry,
"Give back my flowers"—it glided by.

And yet again her little plaint
Fell sadly on my ear;
It pained me much to see her grief,
Her useless cry to hear.
For only echo caught the strain,
"Give back my pretty flowers again."

And thus have children of the loss
Of golden hours to mourn;
The opportunities they lose
Will never more return.
Dear little ones! seek Christ to-day,
For days of grace soon pass away.

The stream of time is flowing fast;
Oh, see that you improve
The precious season you enjoy,
To serve the God of love;
Else soon your bitter cry may be,
"Give back, give back my hours to me."

WHALEBONE.

hour	fi'-bres	par'-a-sols
weigh	boil'-ing	um-brel'-las
coarse	bris'-tles	whale'-bone

WHALEBONE is not, as its name might seem to imply, got from the bones of the whale. The plates or blades of whalebone in a single animal are usually about three hundred in number in each side of the animal's mouth, and are placed along the sides of the upper jaw, and serve the same purpose as teeth in other animals. Each plate is flat, and they are ranged with their flat sides lying close to each other across the jaw. The ends and the edges are formed of coarse loose fibres, and are turned towards the inside of the mouth, so that the whole together form

a sort of strainer, the lower part of which is r into the hollow of the lower jaw, which large, and shaped something like a spoon.

These layers of whalebone are the only which the whale has of getting its food; for al this creature grows to the length of sixty or s feet, and measures thirty or forty feet rou body, and will weigh as much as two hundre it feeds entirely on the small pulpy anim float in countless millions in the waters of th Seas. In order to secure these it rushes through the water with its great mouth wid The water rushes in at the fore part where th no plates of whalebone, and passes out at th where it is strained by the fringes of wha which allows the water to escape, but reta food.

The length of the blades varies greatly w size of the animals, and the part of the ja which they are taken; the longest are usuall nine feet, and the quantity got from a fu whale is about a ton.

Whalebone is prepared by boiling it fo hours in water, which renders it soft and easily cut. When it cools it becomes hard darker than before. Its uses principally dep its great elasticity; split into fibres it is emplc the place of bristles for making coarse broo brushes; it is also used in large quantities stretchers of umbrellas and parasols.

A BOLD BOY AND A COWARD.

fight	straight	mis'-chief
shore	cour'-age	de-served'
threw	big'-ger	con-fessed'

Two boys were one day going home from school, when, on turning the corner of a street, the bigger of the two called out, "A fight! a fight! let us go and see." "No," said the other, "let us go home; we have nothing to do with the quarrel, and may get into mischief." "You are a coward, and afraid to go," said the other, and off he ran.

The younger went straight home, and next day as he was going to school some of the other boys met him, and laughed at him a great deal, for not going to the fight. But he did not mind them much, as he had no reason to be ashamed of what he had done, and he knew that true courage was shown most in bearing blame when it is not deserved.

A few days after, these boys were all bathing, when one of them got into deep water, and began to drown. The boys were all afraid to go near him, and got out of the water as fast as they could.

The lad would very soon have been lost, had not the boy who would not go to the fight, and who had been laughed at by them as a coward, just then come up. He at once threw off his clothes, and jumping into the water, just reached the boy in time, and by great effort brought him to shore.

The other boys were now all much ashamed, and confessed he had more courage than any of them.

PROCRASTINATION.

ought	an'-swer	put'-ting
school	pur-suit'	laugh'-ing-ly
own'-er	con'-science	con-tin'-u-al-ly

DOES any little boy or girl wonder what that long word means? It means delaying, putting off to another time what ought to be done *just now*.

Ellen has some work to do before she goes to school. She can easily get it done long before school-time, if she begins it in season. But it is very pleasant out in the garden, where Ellen is playing with her little brother James; and so often as her conscience whispers to her, "You ought to go in and do that work now, Ellen," the little girl answers—

"Oh! there's time enough yet. I can hurry and get it done in a few minutes;" and Ellen goes on with her play.

By and by a whisper comes again, a little louder than before—

"It is eight o'clock, Ellen: you ought to go in."

"Well, I will go," Ellen thinks, in reply; "I will go very soon. There's plenty of time yet, though."

"Ellen!" calls the girl's mother from the window, "Come in, my child, and finish that work before the bell rings for school."

"Yes, mother, just as soon as I've had one more race with James;" and Ellen runs laughingly around the garden in pursuit of her little brother.

"Half-past eight!" she exclaims, as, hot and out of breath, she hurried, at last, into the house; "I had no idea it was so late."

Tired, and in a hurry, Ellen sits down to her work. She can sew both well and rapidly, but fifteen minutes is a very short space of time for all that she has to do; and then her hands tremble, and her thread seems to take a strange pleasure in getting into knots, and her needle breaks, and altogether it is almost nine o'clock when her work is done.

"You will be late at school," her mother says, as Ellen folds her work up, and lays it hastily aside; "you should not have played so long, my child."

These people, who are continually putting off things, always think they have time enough. They wait till the very last minute before they begin their work; then they begin it in a hurry, and leave it only half done.

A much better way is to begin everything at the right time, and leave it at the right time, *done, and well done.*

BY-AND-BY.

min'-ute	guid'-ance	en-deav'-o
mis'-chief	to-mor'-row	treach'-er
faith'-less	thwart'-ing	un-der-ta

THERE'S a little mischief-making
Elfin, who is ever nigh,
Thwarting every undertaking,
And his name is By-and-By.
"What we ought to do this minute,
Will be better done," he'll cry,
"If to-morrow we begin it—
Put it off," says By-and-By.

Those who heed his treacherous wooing
Will his faithless guidance rue—
What we always put off doing,
Clearly we shall never do.
We shall reach what we endeavour
If on "Now," we more rely;
But unto the realms of "Never,"
Leads the pilot "By-and-By."

GOD PROVIDETH FOR THE MORROW.

Lo! the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.
Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily;
Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.

GOD'S WATCHFUL CARE.

The insect that with puny wing
Just shoots along one summer ray;
The floweret which the breath of Spring
Wakes into life for half a day;
The smallest mote, the tenderest hair,
All feel a heavenly Father's care.

Even from the glories of his throne,
He bends to view this earthly ball;
Sees all, as if that all were one,
Loves one, as if that one were all;
Rolls the swift planets in their spheres,
And counts the sinner's lonely tears.

SECTION IV.

THE TWO ROSES.

(A FABLE.)

ON the borders of a pond, situated in a beautiful flower-garden, two roses grew side by side. They were both lovely, but not equally modest. One of them never thought of her beauty, but the other thought of little else, and always admired her fair face, as it was reflected in the clear bosom of the pond.

"My dear friend," said the modest rose to her one day, "how can you be so vain of what you may very soon be deprived of? The beauty of which you are so proud, may be taken from you in an hour; some hand may pluck you from the stem, or a strong wind may come and drive your pink leaves on the gravel walk; or even a worm may feast itself upon them and destroy them."

"I do not fear any of those evils," said the other rose. "If I am plucked, I shall still be lovely and admired; and as for the wind or the worm, they dare not presume to come near me."

As the silly flower thus spoke, a strong east wind suddenly rose, and stripping off its leaves, sent them whirling over the bosom of the pond.

THE STAG LOOKING INTO THE WATER.

(A FABLE.)

pair	peo'-ple	sur-vey'-ing
talk	crea'-ture	un-sight'-ly
copse	dis'-tance	grace'-ful-ly

A STAG that had been drinking at a clear spring, saw himself in the water, and, pleased with the prospect, stood for some time surveying his shape and features from head to foot. "Ah!" said he, "what a glorious pair of horns I have! How gracefully they hang over my forehead, and give an agreeable turn to my whole face! But I have a set of such legs as really makes me ashamed to see them. People may talk what they please of the great use our legs are to us upon many occasions, but for my part I find them so very slender and unsightly, that I had as soon have none at all." While he was giving himself these airs, he was alarmed with the noise of a pack of hounds, that had just been laid upon the scent, and were making towards him. Away he flies in much fear, and bounding nimbly over the plain, soon left the dogs far behind him. After which, entering a very thick copse, he had the ill luck to get entangled by his horns in a thicket, where he was held fast till the hounds came in and pulled him down. Finding how it was likely to go with him, in a faint voice he uttered these words: "Unhappy creature that I am! I now see that what I prided myself in has been the cause of my ruin, and what I so much disliked was the only thing that could have saved me."

THE HONEY BEE'S SONG.

I AM a honey bee,
Buzzing away
Over the blossoms
The long summer day—
Now in the lily's cup,
Drinking my fill,
Now where the roses bloom,
Under the hill,
Gaily I fly,
My fellows and I,
Seeking the honey our hives to supply.

Up in the morning—
No laggards are we—
Skimming the clover-tops
Ripe for the bee,
Waking the flowers
At dawning of day
Ere the bright sun
Kiss the dew-drops away.
Merrily singing,
Busily winging,
Back to the hive with the store we are bringing.

No idle moments
Have we through the day,
No time to squander
In sleep or in play.
Summer is flying,

And we must be sure,
Food for the winter
At once to secure.
Bees in a hive
Are up and alive—
Lazy folks never can prosper or thrive.

Awake, little mortals,
No harvest for those
Who waste their best hours
In slothful repose.
Come out—to the morning
All bright things belong—
And listen awhile
To the honey bee's song.
Merrily singing,
Busily winging,
Industry ever its own reward bringing.

THE HEEDLESS BOY.

piece	cloth'-ing	scarce-ly
school	brush'-ing	con'-stant-ly
spoiled	shuff'-ling	com'-for-tab-ly

DICK WILDER is a boy who gives his parents a very great deal of trouble. Though he is quite a tall boy, he needs as much looking after as a child only four or five years old. His mother is at much pains every morning to see that his dress is in order when he sets out for school, but it does no more good for

her to beg of him to try and keep himself neat and clean, than it would be to talk to a post. He will come home, perhaps, covered with ink, or with his jacket torn, or with his bonnet all dirty, as if it had been thrown amongst the mud. Scarcely a day passes, when something is not either lost or spoiled. His parents have often said, that it costs more for books and clothing for Dick, than for all the rest of the children together. He will come in from school sometimes, and throw his cap down in one place, and his books in another, and then march into the room without ever cleaning his shoes. He is sure to contrive in some way or other to give his mother and sisters as much trouble as possible; he will perhaps cut a stick, or tear a piece of paper into little bits. When the roads are dusty, instead of trying to walk in the very best place he can find, he goes shuffling along, just where it happens; and if they are wet, you will, perhaps, see him dashing through the very thickest of the mud, when by paying a little attention, he might get along very comfortably. When he reaches school, he gives his cap a fling upon a hook, without noticing whether he is making it secure or not, so that, very likely his back is scarcely turned, before down it tumbles. But Dick is off, and before school is through, the poor cap has been kicked about from one place to another, until it is not fit to be seen. If Dick had to provide his own clothing, I think he would be more careful of it, but the worst of it is, he makes

his poor mother always uneasy at seeing him look so untidy, besides keeping her almost constantly busy, at removing the stains, or mending the rents, or brushing the mud or dust, from something that belongs to him.

THE WREN AND THE CANARY.

(A FABLE.)

bunch	home'-ly	ca-na'-ry
peb'-ble	grate'-ful	qual'-i-ties
fe'-male	plu'-mage	pa'-tient-ly

A WREN was very happy and contented in her nest in an ivy bush; and one day a poor canary who had foolishly escaped from her cage, was driven by a storm to seek shelter in the ivy. The wren took pity on her, and brought her into her nest, and plumed her feathers, and acted towards her as a sister. Well, the canary was very grateful to the wren; and when the storm had passed over, the canary said, "I will go back to my home, and to my companions, and get in at the wire where I got out; and, Mrs. Wren, you must come with me and spend a few days." The wren made a few excuses at first, saying that her dress was plain, and her manners homely; but the lady canary would take no excuse, and they set out together for the cage.

The other canaries, I am sorry to say, did not behave as they ought to have done, which was a very great shame, for they should have known better. One said, "What a little, brown, dumpy

thing that is, with her cocked tail, sticking so vulgarly at the end of her back, so different from the way in which we wear ours!" Another exclaimed, "Look at her feet, ugly things with black claws; I wonder what the creature could mean by coming here—or how Lady Yellowbreast could think of bringing her!"

Poor little Jenny Wren! she was not proof against these taunts; and instead of either learning to bear them patiently, or returning to her own nest and quiet circle, where she was esteemed for her good qualities, she got behind a great bunch of chickweed, and having picked up the cast-off feathers of the canaries, she stuck them all over her back, and tied a great pebble to her pretty little tail to keep it down. How the fine birds laughed at her for aping them, and trying to look genteel!

"Go home to your companions," said an old wise canary, "your finery may astonish them, *here* you can be nothing!"

Poor Jenny Wren skulked home; but the love of finery had taken hold of her little heart, and she could not avoid keeping some of the second-hand plumage. The grove was in an uproar—the plain dressed birds felt themselves insulted—and Mrs. Wren would have been torn to pieces, had not an old kind-hearted thrush come forward on her behalf, saying, at the same time, that it was only right for plain birds, and most of all female ones, to avoid the temptation of fine feathers.

MAY.

O, the merry May has pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide,
As if they floated like the leaves
Upon a silver tide;
The trees are full of crimson buds,
And the woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music,
Like a tune with pleasant words.

The verdure of the meadow-land
Is creeping to the hills,
The sweet, blue-bosomed violets
Are blowing by the rills;
The lilac has a load of balm
For every wind that stirs,
And the larch stands green and beautiful
Amid the sombre firs.

There's perfume upon every wind—
Music in every tree—
Dews for the moisture-loving flowers—
Sweets for the sucking bee:
The sick come forth from the healing South
The young are gathering flowers;
And life is a tale of poetry
That is told by golden hours.

SAGO.

sieve	pee'-ple	sep'-a-rate
height	whit'-ish	cocks'-comb
centre	sal'-mon	shut'-tle-cock

SAGO is the pith of the sago palm, a tree which grows in Japan, and the dry rocky hills of Malabar in India.

It is hardly possible to imagine a plant more graceful in its foliage, or more beautiful when in fruit, than this kind of palm. The leaves, which are much like those of the fern, are placed on the stem in the manner of the feathers of a shuttle-cock, forming a huge basket of the most graceful shape; at the bottom of this is the salmon-coloured flower, which, both in shape and texture, resembles the blossom of the cockscomb, but of a pale buff colour. The fruit is a nut covered by a pulpy substance like a plum. The growth of this plant is at first slow; it appears for some time as a shrub, thickly set with thorns; but as it increases in height it loses its thorns. When the trees have reached their full size a whitish powder comes out through the pores of the leaves, and sticks to their edges. This is a sign that the trees are filled with pith, and when it is seen, the Malays cut them down, and divide them into several pieces, which are split into quarters. The bark is woody, and about an inch in thickness; in the centre of the stem is a fat or gummy pith which forms the sago.

This pithy substance being scraped out is mixed up with pure water, and strained through a bag of fine cloth, which separates the sago from the fibry matter. The sago is then passed through sieves, by which it is formed into grains, and being received into earthen vessels, it dries and hardens into round globes. Sago is very wholesome, and forms a nice light diet for sick people and children.

"GATHER THE FRAGMENTS."

TAKE care of the minutes,
They are priceless, you know;
Will you value them less
That so quickly they go?
"It is but a minute,"
The trifler will say;
But the minutes make hours,
And hours make the day.

The gold-dust of time
Are these minutes so small;
Will you lose even one?
Why not treasure them all?
As each broken petal
Dishonours the flower,
So each wasted minute
Despoils the full hour.

Take care of the minutes;
They come and are gone;
Yet in each there is space
For some good to be done.
Our time as a talent
We hold from above,
May each hour leave us richer
In wisdom and love!

SOAP.

soda	eye	yel'-low
soap	boi'-ler	scent'-ed
grease	pot'-ash	palm-oil'

SOAP is made of soda or potash, and tallow. You would hardly think that what is so good for taking grease out of your clothes should be made of such a thing as tallow; yet so it is. Potash and soda look very like our common salt. Potash is made by burning wood, and washing the ashes in water; the potash dissolves in the water, and when the ashes have been strained off, the water is boiled to make it fly off in steam, and the potash is left at the bottom of the boiler. Soda is made somewhat in the same way, from the ashes of sea-weed, and other plants, or from common salt. To make soap, the tallow and potash, or soda, are mixed together in large coppers, and boiled for some time. Then the whole is poured out, and when it is cool, it is cut into long bars, by the help of wires, held by men,

one at each end. A very good kind of soap is made with palm-oil, instead of tallow. Other things are often mixed with soap, to make it smell sweet, or to give it a pretty colour.

Mottled soap is made by sprinkling a small quantity of a solution of iron among the soap when it is in a liquid state. This solution sinks down through it and marbles or mottles the whole.

White soap is made by using pure white tallow, along with the other substances. When scented, and cast into small cakes, it is sold as Windsor soap.

Yellow soap is made with resin and palm-oil, instead of tallow, which give it a strong smell, and a bitter taste.

Soft or black soap is made with pearl-ash instead of soda, and whale or seal oil is used with the tallow.

In the country, poor people sometimes wash their clothes with wood ashes. It is a very good plan to wash clothes with water which has been strained through wood ashes. Such water is called lye. When it is used less soap is required.

ANGRY WORDS.

POISON-DROPS of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow,
Saddest memories of to-day.

Angry words! oh let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.

Angry words are lightly spoken,
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred,
Brightest links of life are broken,
By a single angry word.

FUEL.

grate	piece	weath'-er
fu-el	en'-gine	north'-ern
coal	po'-nies	prog'-ress

When the cold weather of winter sets in, every one knows the value of fire. In these northern countries people could not live without fire to heat their houses and keep them from being frozen to death. But fire is also needed for cooking our food, and for various arts and trades. In countries where coal is plentiful, the greatest progress is made in the arts; but in many countries, peats, turf, and wood form the only fuel to be had.

Among mountains, and in those parts of the country where there are wide moors or pieces of

waste land, we often meet with wet places on which there is nothing growing but moss, grass, rushes, and other small plants, which seem to be of no use to anybody. Such places are called bogs. As long as they remain in this state they are of no use; but men, in order to get peat, set to work and dig a deep trench. Into this trench the water drains and runs away in a stream. The ground on both sides becomes solid, and is cut with a kind of spade into pieces about the size of a brick. The pieces when thus cut are laid in the sun to dry; they are then piled in stacks and are ready for use. Peat burns slowly, with very little flame, but it gives out a good deal of heat.

Coal, which forms the best kind of fuel, was first found lying on or near the surface of the ground; but in this country now, men have to go down deep into the earth to reach the coal, as all the seams near the surface have been already wrought out. The men dig out the coal with pick-axes, and place it in little waggons, which are drawn by men or ponies to the bottom of the pit. These waggons are put on a frame, called a cage, and are then drawn up the pit by a long rope or chain, which is wound round a shaft by a steam-engine at the top of the pit. In large towns a great deal of coal is used for making gas, but the greater part is sold for burning in dwelling-houses, in steam-boats, or in public works.

Some people waste a great deal of time in lighting

a fire, because they will not take the trouble to lay the fuel properly. The first thing to be done is to clear out all the ashes from the grate. Then lay in a piece of paper or a handful of shavings, and above this put small sticks one by one, and then larger ones, taking care to make them cross one another, and not lie side by side. On the top of these sticks place a few small pieces of coal, and above them some larger pieces, then light the paper or shavings, and you will soon have a good fire.

SUMMER EVENING.

THE sweet hour of evening,
When labour is done,
And long shadows fall,
In the gleam of the sun;
When man, beast, and bird,
Are at peace and at rest,
And school-tasks are done,
Is the hour I love best.

O'er the bird in its nest,
And the lamb in its fold,
The clouds float like curtains,
All gleaming with gold;
The air scarcely ruffles
The leaf of the rose,
And each living thing
Tastes the balm of repose.

The day comes for labour,
The night comes for rest,
And all who have laboured
Enjoy it the best;
Health, peace, and content,
And sweet dreams are their share
While idleness only
Brings sorrow and care.

Then who would not work,
And be happy and gay,
And taste all the pleasures
Of evening's decay,
When nature reposes
In silence and rest,
O, the sweet hour of evening's
The hour I love best!

HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest cr
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most, when most his soul ascends;
Nearest the throne itself, must be
The footstool of humility.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

bright'-ness	i-mag'-ine	en-deav'-our
en-joy'-ing	sol'-emn-ly	so-lic'-i-tude

WHO can estimate the value of a mother's love? See her as she sits by the crib where the little one's eyes are closed in slumber. Every noise is hushed, and, as the mother gazes upon the sleeper, her lips move in prayer solemnly, earnestly, that He who is the source of all purity will preserve that which He has given her in perfect innocence, and permit neither folly, shame, nor crime, to cast a stain on the brightness with which she has received it, invested from his hands as with a mantle.

The infant advances to years of childhood. The mother is still watching its progress with tender solicitude. She endeavours to instil into its mind lessons of piety and virtue, and her ear is ever open to the tales of childish joy or sorrow.

The child advances to manhood, and goes out into the world to engage in the duties of life. The maternal voice no longer sounds in his ear, but the mother's love is the same, and, as memory often looks back to the time when she took him by the hand, and bade him good bye, and he imagines he still hears the fervent "God bless you, my son," trembling on her lips, he feels that nothing on earth is more lasting than a mother's love. Many of the children who read this are enjoying a mother's love. Oh, then, be kind and obedient, and do all you can to make her path through life a pleasant one.

A LITTLE WORD.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broke.
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thought you bring
A heart may heal or break.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts;
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see,
And love a sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

SECTION V.

THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN.

tempt'-er	know'-ledge	e-ter'-nal-ly
wretch'-ed	i-ni'-qui-ty	de-li'-cious
o-be'-di-ent	beau'-ti-ful	ac-cep-ta'-tion

WHEN God made our first parents, Adam and Eve, He placed them in a very beautiful garden, called Eden.

It was full of sweet flowers and delicious fruits, and everything that was pleasant and lovely. God told them they might eat as much fruit as they liked off every tree in the garden, except one, which grew in the middle. This tree was called the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil." God said they must not touch this tree, nor eat the fruit of it, for if they did they should die.

Adam and Eve were very happy in this nice garden, as long as they were obedient to God's commands. But one day Satan, that wicked tempter, came to Eve, in the shape of a serpent, and tried to make her think it unkind of God not to allow her to eat of this tree.

He said that the fruit was very good, and would make her wise, and that she would not die if she took some of it.

And Eve listened to that wicked one, and she looked at the fruit, and then she wished very much for some, and at last she reached out her hand, and took, and ate; she then gave some of the fruit to Adam, and he also ate.

And now they had disobeyed God, who had been so kind to them, and had become wretched, guilty sinners. They were afraid to meet God, and went and hid themselves among the trees of the garden.

But, "Can any hide himself in secret places, that I shall not see him?" saith the Lord: "do not I fill heaven and earth?" saith the Lord.

God called them forth from their hiding-place, and they stood trembling and afraid before Him.

God said, that because they had disobeyed Him, they must be turned out of the beautiful garden, and their bodies become subject to pain and death. An angel was placed at the gate of the garden, with a flaming sword in his hand, to prevent them entering any more.

But though God punished them so severely, He was still a God "full of mercy." He said He would send a Saviour into the world, and for his sake they need not die eternally.

We, dear children, are all partakers of the fallen nature of our first parents. We are "born in sin, and shapen in iniquity," but it is not the will of our

heavenly Father that one of us should perish. Christ was made a curse for us. On Him was laid the iniquity of us all.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

THE GLORIES OF HEAVEN.

I PRAISED the earth in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day."

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered."

O God, O good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair;
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man;
How glorious must the mansion be
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee!

GOD SEES AND KNOWS ALL THINGS.

knows	judge	thought
pierce	par'-don	bright'-est

GOD sees all that I do; he hears all that I say, and, what is far more, he knows all that is in my heart—all that I think, and feel, and wish. I can hide many of my words and of my deeds from men; but I cannot hide one of them from God; in his sight the gloom of the darkest night is the same as the light of the brightest day. And into my very soul his eye can pierce, with as much ease as it can see me when I sit and move. O, how should this make me fear to give any place at all to sin, which he hates so much, and which will cause him to take his love from me! And how should it make me ask him to pardon the many bad things which I have thought, and said, and done, and which are all well known to him, and for which he will judge me at the last day! May he himself help me to bear in mind this great truth, that I cannot go where he is not with me, that I cannot do anything which he does not see, that a thought cannot pass through my mind which he does not mark!

"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."

tŏw'-ards	ăn'-swered	dis-o-beyed'
pres'-ence	sep'-a-rat-ed	de-light'-ful

A LADY came home from shopping one day, and was not met as usual by the glad welcome of her little boy. He seemed shy of her, went into the yard, hung about the garden, and wanted to be more with Bridget than usual. The mother could not account for his manner.

When she was undressing him for bed, "Mother," he asked, "can God see through the crack in the closet door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can He see when it is all dark?"

"Yes," answered the mother; "God can see everywhere, and in every place."

"Then God saw me, and He will tell you, mother. When you were gone, I got into your closet, and I took and ate up the cake: and I am sorry, very sorry;" and bowing his head on his mother's lap, he burst out crying.

Poor little boy! all day he had been wanting to hide from his mother, just as Adam and Eve, after they had disobeyed God, tried to hide from his presence in the garden of Eden. Guilt made him afraid. It put a gulf between him and his mother. You see how his wrong-doing separated him from her. He was no longer at ease in her sight. His peace was gone. And this is the way sin divides

us from God. We don't love to be in his sight. We are not happy there. We hide away from Him, and try to forget Him.

How did George get rid of his feeling of guilt and shame? He took the best, the only true way, by repenting and confessing it. His mother forgave him. He was restored to her confidence and love.

Just so must we do towards God. We must confess and repent of our sins, and pray God, for Christ's sake, to forgive us. Then we may taste the sweets of forgiveness, and be no longer afraid and far off from Him. As the little child is never happier than at its mother's side, so nearness to God is one of the most delightful feelings which can fill the bosom of the child of God.

NOW IS THE TIME.

THE bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed;
Then seize, O youth! the present hour—
Of that thou hast most need.

Do thy best always—do it now—
For, in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
Fall seeds of good or crime.

The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown;
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.

And soon the harvest of thy toil
Rejoicing thou shalt reap;
Or o'er thy wild, neglected soil
Go forth in shame to weep.

JOSEPH.

Jo'-seph	E'-gypt	false'-hood
Reu'-ben	Pot'-i-phar	fa'-vour-ite
Pha'-raoh	Ish'-ma-el-ites	in'-ter-est-ing

THE history of Joseph is one of the most interesting in the Bible, and perhaps oftener read by children than any other. Joseph was Jacob's favourite son, and he made him a very beautiful coat of many colours. It was wrong of Jacob to have a favourite, and he was punished for it. Joseph's brothers hated him, because their father loved him the best, and they spoke very crossly to him. He had some dreams, which he told to his brothers, which made them dislike him still more. Joseph's brothers were shepherds, and one day, when they were watching the sheep, Jacob sent Joseph to see how they were. When they saw him coming they said, "Behold, this dreamer cometh; let us kill him, and then we will tell our father that a wild beast has torn him in pieces." One of the brothers, Reuben, said, "No, we will not kill him, but put him into this empty pit." He intended to take him out

when the others had gone. So they put poor Joseph into the pit, and then sat down to eat some bread. As they were eating, they looked up, and saw a company of merchants coming towards them, and they said to each other, "Come, let us sell our brother to these men." They then took Joseph out of the pit, and sold him to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver; and to make their father suppose that Joseph had been devoured by a wild beast, they killed a kid, and dipped Joseph's coat in the blood, and then took it to their father. Jacob wept very bitterly when he thought his dear son was dead.

Joseph was taken into Egypt, and sold in the market as a slave. He was bought by Potiphar, captain of the king's guard. His master was very kind to him, and God was with Joseph, and made all that he did to prosper.

After a while, however, Joseph's mistress, who was a very wicked woman, told a falsehood about him, and got him put into prison, but God was with him, even there, and gave him favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison.

Two of Pharaoh's officers were in prison at the same time. They each had a dream, which Joseph told them the meaning of, and all that Joseph told them came true. One of the men, the chief baker, was hanged, and the butler restored to his office, as Joseph had said.

Joseph had asked the butler to think of him when

he was taken back to the palace, but the butler forgot his kind friend. Was it not very ungrateful? It was not until *two whole years* after that he even cast a thought to poor Joseph in the prison.

Pharaoh, the king, had a dream about this time which troubled him very much, and none of his wise men could tell him the meaning of it.

The butler, hearing of this, told the king that Joseph could tell him all about it. So the king sent for Joseph out of the prison, and told him his dream.

Joseph said, it meant that there should be seven years of plenty, then seven years of famine, in the land of Egypt.

Pharaoh was so much pleased with Joseph that he took off his ring, and put it on Joseph's hand, and had him clothed in fine linen, and gave him a beautiful chariot to ride in, and he became one of the greatest men in all Egypt.

So you see how God turned all Joseph's troubles into blessings. The rest of Joseph's history you will find in the latter part of the book of Genesis.

BEYOND THE RAINBOW.

BEYOND the rainbow, it must be fair,
When sunlit glories fill earth and air;
The sky is enrobed in a deepened blue,
And springs of radiance are bursting through.

The grass is gemmed with quickening rains,
Gladness is pulsing in Nature's veins,
Every sigh shakes a pearl from its wing,
From every tear a blossom will spring.

The shower is past, the wind is furled,
And the arm of Heaven enclasps the world;
Those glittering drops are Mercy's tears,
God's love in the rainbow's face appears.

Beyond the rainbow, Heaven is fair,
Tempests and storms can come not there;
There shall the Christian be glad and sing,
There shall be rest for the weary wing.

There shall be peace for the aching heart,
Beauty and bliss without tears and smart,
With never a cloud to come between
The glory surpassing this earthly scene.

Beyond the rainbow, Heaven is fair,
Some whom we love are bright angels there;
The spirit's dove may fly east and west,
But Heaven alone is its place of rest.

CORK.

sight	po'-rous	u'-su-al-ly
soles	au'-gust	e-las-ti'-ci-ty
shoes	sight'-ly	Por'-tu-gal

CORK is the bark of a small evergreen oak tree, which grows abundantly in Spain, Portugal, the

south of France, and the north of Africa. When the tree is from fifteen to twenty years old, one cut is made around the trunk close below the branches, and another at the surface of the ground. Other cuts are then made right up and down the trunk, from the branches to the ground, and the cork or outer bark is removed by pushing a blunt tool beneath it, care being taken not to injure the inner bark, which would cause the death of the tree. The cork is thus stripped from the tree in the month of July or August, and this process is repeated every eight or ten years during the whole life of the tree, usually about one hundred and fifty years.

The cork, when removed, is slightly charred by fire, which improves it by closing the pores, and makes it easier to press it out flat. This process gives it the dark colour and burned odour which we may observe when it is first imported into this country.

The qualities that render cork so valuable are its lightness, softness, and elasticity. Its lightness renders it very useful in making life-boats, cork jackets, and floats for fishing nets. There is no other substance so useful as cork for stopping the mouths of bottles, for when firmly forced in, its elasticity causes it to press so closely against all parts of the mouth as to keep the contents from spilling or the air from getting in.

Cork is also used in thin layers to form the inner soles of shoes and boots; it is cut into the required

shape for the various purposes for which it is used by means of broad knives, which require to be kept very sharp. Bungs for casks are cut so that their flat sides correspond to the inner and outer sides of the cork bark, whilst bottle corks are cut crossways. Bottle corks are thus much less porous than bungs, and form a much better stopper.

PAPER.

lin'-en	Eu'-rope	ma-chine'
cot'-ton	chief'-ly	sep'-a-rat-ed
cis'-tern	cyl'-in-ders	length'-wise

PAPER is chiefly made from linen and cotton rags; and as the quantity of rags required for this purpose cannot be got in this country, many thousand tons are brought every year from Germany and other parts of Europe, at a cost of more than twenty pounds a ton. The coarse and fine rags are separated from one another, to be made into different qualities of paper. They are next cut into small pieces and shaken in a machine so as to free them from dust and dirt, after which they are boiled among soda to remove the colour and make them quite clean. The rags are then put amongst water in a large cistern, inside of which a cylinder is made to turn round with great speed. This cylinder is about two feet thick, and is called the *roll*. All round the outside of this cylinder a good many sharp-edged bars of steel are fixed lengthwise, and

as the *roll* turns round the sharp edges of these bars pass quite close to the edges of other bars fixed to the bottom of the cistern. As the rags pass between the edges they are very soon cut up into a fine pulp, because the cutting edges of the *roll* are brought nearer to those in the cistern as the pulp becomes finer. At this stage, if there is any colour left in the rags, it is taken out by a gas got from lime.

In order to form this pulp into paper, the water must be separated from it, and the solid part spread out in the form of a flat thin layer. This is done by a machine, which receives the pulp on an endless web of fine wire gauze. This web moves slowly round several rollers and draws along the pulp in a constant stream. By means of heated cylinders all the water is withdrawn from the pulp, which is formed into a web of paper in less than two minutes after the pulp has been taken out of the vat.

It is a very curious thing to see at one end of a room a large tub full of a white liquid. Then this liquid runs along in a very shallow stream, and by degrees drying up into a moist sheet, which, after passing round two or three steam cylinders, comes off at the other end of the room in the form of a hard white paper. The change is so rapid that it looks like a magic process, and when seen for the first time is sure to excite wonder.

THE WHITE SQUALL.

THE sea was bright, and the bark rode well,
The breeze bore the tone of the vesper bell;
'Twas a gallant bark, and crew as brave
As ever launched on the heaving wave;
She shone in the light of declining day,
And each sail was set, and each heart was gay.

They neared the land where in beauty smiles
The sunny shore of the Grecian isles;
All thought of home, of that welcome dear
Which soon should greet each wanderer's ear;
And in fancy joined the social throng
In the festive dance and the joyous song.

A white cloud glides through the azure sky.—
What means that wild despairing cry!—
Farewell the visioned scenes of home!—
That cry is "Help!" where no help can come;
For the white squall rides on the surging wave,
And the bark is gulfed in an ocean grave.

HISTORY OF JESUS CHRIST.

twelve	speak'-ing	bap-tized'
be-lieve'	earth'-quake	de-scend'-ed
sol'-diers	con-sult'-ed	wil'-der-ness

JESUS CHRIST, the only Son of the one living and true God, became man to die for sinners. He was

born of the Virgin Mary in a stable, and laid in a manger. When yet an infant, a wicked king named Herod sought to take away his life. But God sent an angel to tell Joseph, to flee with him and his mother, into the land of Egypt. And they abode there till Herod's death. When Jesus was baptized by John in the river Jordan, the Spirit of God descended like a dove upon him, and a voice from heaven said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

When he was only twelve years old, he went with his parents to worship God in his temple. He was so very wise, even at this early age, that all who heard him answer the questions of the doctors, were filled with wonder. He was forty days in the wilderness, tempted of the devil; but he overcame the evil one. At the age of thirty years he began to preach his gospel, and many people followed after him, wondering at his words, for he taught them as one having power, and not as the scribes. He chose twelve men, called disciples or apostles, to go with him from place to place, and to bear record of him. He was meek and lowly, he went about at all times doing good, and in his life gave us a pattern of every virtue.

To prove that he was sent by God, and that he was not a mere man, Jesus Christ performed many great wonders. He cured the sick, made the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, and even raised the dead to life, often by speaking a single

word. And the people were astonished at the mighty works which were wrought by his hands. But many of the Jews would not believe that he came from God, but said that Satan gave him power to perform all these wonders. About three years after he began to preach, the chief priests, and the scribes, and the elders of the people, consulted together, how they might take him by craft and kill him; and Judas, one of his own disciples, betrayed him into their hands for thirty pieces of silver. Whilst Jesus was in a garden with his disciples praying by night, Judas, having got a band of men from the chief priests and scribes, came unto him, and with a kiss betrayed his Lord and Master. But the traitor never knew peace more; for so heavy was the weight of this sin upon his guilty soul, that he went and hanged himself.

Jesus was led away to the judgment-hall, and, after having been mocked and scourged, he was put to death on a cross between two thieves. Whilst upon the cross, he prayed for those that were putting him to death, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." At the time of his death there was a great earthquake, and darkness was over the face of the land for about three hours. His body was laid in a tomb, to the mouth of which a great stone was rolled, and Roman soldiers kept guard over it. But he rose from the dead on the third day, and showed himself alive to his disciples, and to many others also; and at the

end of forty days he went up into heaven. Two angels told the persons who saw him go up into heaven, that the same Jesus would come again in the clouds of heaven, in the same manner as he had gone away, to judge the quick and the dead at the last day.

We have all sinned, and deserve to die. But the Son of God came from heaven, and died upon the cross, to save from eternal death all who believe on his name, who love him, who forsake sin, and obey his laws.

THE BIBLE IN THE FOOTSTOOL.

brought	pre'-cious	par-tic'-u-lar
sin'-gu-lar	se'-cret-ly	mis-for'-tune
treas'-ure	for-bidden'	cir'-cum-stan-ces

THERE was a family in France, long, long ago, who had a footstool, of which they took particular care, and which they used in a singular manner. When strangers were present, the footstool was set aside in some out of the way place, where it would not attract attention; but when the family were alone, it was sure to be brought into notice again. Sometimes the father would take it on his knee, and, turning it upside down, bend over it with the deepest interest. Sometimes it was the mother who held it on her lap, and gazed at it as tenderly as if it were her youngest babe.

What was there about that footstool that made it so precious?

Under the footstool a book was fastened, where it was out of sight, and yet its pages could be turned, and it could be read from beginning to end.

This book was the treasure and comfort of the family. It told them of a Friend who was near them at all times, and who was able and willing to save them in danger. It told them of a beautiful land where sin and sorrow cannot come, and where there shall be no more sickness, and no more death. It taught them how to act at all times and in all circumstances. It gave them comfort in every trouble, and cheered them in the hours of the greatest misfortune. More than all this, it told them of a Saviour, for whose sake the sinner may be forgiven, and received into an eternal home of joy.

I hardly need to tell you the name of this book, for the Bible alone contains such good news, such words of comfort and gladness. But why was this precious book kept in such a strange hiding-place? Why was it read secretly and with trembling?

Alas! in that sad day the Bible was a forbidden book in France; and those who dared to read it were threatened with punishment, and even with death.

TO-DAY.

PILGRIM! does yon mountain summit
  Intercept your onward way?
Do you wish to overcome it?
Sit not then in idle sorrow,
Wait not for the misty morrow,
  But begin *to-day!*

Warrior! is the tumult waging,
  Would you conquer in the fray?
Up, then, while the battle's raging!
There's a niche in warlike story,
There's a crown of martial glory,
  To be won *to-day!*

Worker! weary and incessant,
  Are you tempted to delay?
Trust no future; seize the present;
There's a world's work round you lying,
And the years are swiftly flying,
  Act your part *to-day!*

On, brave brothers! time rolls o'er us;
  On, fair sisters! why delay?
Duty's pathway lies before us.
Let this thought dispel our sorrow;—
Better than a golden morrow,
  Is the sunshine of *to-day!*

HARVEST SONG.

The God of harvest praise,
In loud thanksgiving raise,
Hand, heart, and voice;
The valleys laugh and sing,
Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

Of food for man and beast,
Jehovah spreads a feast,
Above, beneath.
Ye herds and flocks draw near,
Fowls, ye are welcome here;
His goodness crowns the year
For all that breathe.

The wind, the rain, the sun,
Their genial work have done;
Would'st thou be fed?
Man, to thy labour bow,
Thrust in the sickle now,
Reap where thou once did'st plough,
God sends thee bread.

The God of harvest praise,
Hands, hearts, and voices raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

SECTION VI.

THE ASS.

peo'-ple	knocked	pann'-iers
pa'-tient	coars'-est	neigh'-bour-hood

EVERY one knows poor Jack, and most people call him stupid, yet he has more sense than some are willing to think. He knows when he is used well, and can tell a kind word from a hard kick, nearly as well as some of his harsh drivers. He is gentle and patient, and not afraid of a fair share of hard work. But who would not sulk, and even kick, if they were knocked about as Jack is? He does not often turn up his nose at his food, but is content with the coarsest fare. Give him clean water to drink, and a kind word with his work, and he will show that he is not short of good sense. If left to himself, he will turn aside with more care than some little people, to keep out of the mud and dirt, in the neighbourhood.

Jack meets with more kind friends in Spain than with us, and he has sense enough to pay back their kindness. A poor man, in Spain, used to take his

ass to carry his milk to market. The milk was put in bottles, these were packed in panniers, and thrown across the donkey's back. The poor man, and his ass, went to market together for many a year, and were the best of friends. But the man fell sick, and could not go, and what was now to be done? There was no way out of the trouble but to pack Jack off to market himself. He was sent with the milk on his back, as before, and did his work well. He went and stopped at every house to which his master used to take milk. When all the people had taken their milk from his back, and he had gone his whole round, he started home again. When he came trotting up with his empty bottles all safe and sound, his mistress met him with kind words. Jack, like a decent donkey as he was, put his head on her shoulder to hear his own praises, and to show how much he liked a fair thing.

BE GENTLE.

fight	brav'-est	lov'-ing-ly
though	griev'-ous	per-suad'-ed
cow'-ard	pa'-tient-ly	fright'-ened

It is a good rule, though a hard one to keep, when you are angry, to count ten before you speak at all; and when you do speak, try to speak gently and lovingly. You will then be something like Jesus

when he was on earth, for no one ever heard a cross word fall from his holy lips.

And for another reason it is worth while to try to speak gently. No one ever yet was persuaded by a loud and angry answer, however true it was; he might be cowed and frightened, but he never was persuaded; but the gentle voice and the quiet eye gain many a quiet victory. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger." . . . .

Learn, then, to speak gently. Though others are cross and harsh to you—though you are charged with what you feel to be no fault of yours, till your blood boils, and your choking heart seems in your throat, yet speak gently. It is hard, but it is best, and it is bravest.

Yes, and even if they strike you, do not strike back, for Christ has said, "If a man smite thee on the one cheek, turn for him the other also"—which means, bear it meekly, patiently. It is hard, I know, boys, but it is best, and it is *bravest*. You need not be a coward though you don't strike the boy that strikes you, for you have won a harder battle if you keep down your own temper, than if you were to strike him to the ground; and he begins the fight who strikes the *second* blow.

THE USEFUL PLOUGH.

A COUNTRY life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair,
In every field of wheat.
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
So that I say, no courtier may
Compare with them who clothe in gray
And follow the useful plough.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labour till almost dark;
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep;
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing,
On each green tender bough.
With what content and merriment,
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

"Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!"
I hear a fair one cry;
But give to me the stormy breeze,
And white waves heaving high,
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

THE LITTLE STRINGS.

grieved	truth'-ful	dis-con-tent'
de-ceit'	pinch'-ing	dis-a-gree'-a-ble
mus'-cles	ex-pres'-sion	dis-sat'-is-fied

DID you ever see an india-rubber face, children? and did you ever amuse yourselves with pinching it one way and pulling it another, and seeing what different expressions it will put on? When you cease pulling and pinching it, it returns to the same face it was before. Now your little faces are softer than india-rubber, and are full of little strings, called

muscles; and the little muscles pull them one way, and pull them another, just according to your feelings. Sometimes you feel grieved or sad, and the little muscles pull your face into a very doleful expression, and we know, by looking at you, just how you feel. Sometimes you feel pleased or merry, and the little muscles pull your faces into smiles and dimples.

But often there are wicked passions at work at the strings. *Anger* pulls, and oh, what a disagreeable look the face puts on in a minute. *Pride* pulls the strings, or *vanity*, or *envy*, or *discontent*, or *deceit*, and each brings its own expression over the face. The worst of it is, when these passions pull very often, the face does not return to what it was before, but the muscles harden and retain that ugly expression. By indulging in evil passions, people may work their faces up into such awful faces, that sometimes when you meet a man in the street, you can tell, just by looking at his face, what his character is. A face that was very lovely when it was that of a child, has had the passion of *anger* pulling at it so often, that it always wears a sullen, cross, dissatisfied look. Or if a man has learned to love to hoard up money for his own sake, his face gets a mean, grasping look, and we say when we pass him, "There goes a miser." Or if he has learned to lie and steal, he cannot make his face that of a truthful, honest man.

Now, dear children, do you want to have plea-

sant faces, that everybody will love to look at? Then don't let the ugly passions get hold of the strings. Put them into the hands of *love*, and *charity*, and *good-will*, and *truth*, and *honesty*, and then they will be beautiful faces, and sweeter to look at than the most perfect features that ever were formed.

THE GIANT ILL-TEMPER.

wrig-gle	shoul'-ders	nurs'-er-y
strik'-ing	pris'-on-ers	gen'-er-al-ly

THIS giant may generally be found hanging round the nursery, the dining or sitting room, ready to pounce upon the children, and making them prisoners; and, when he gets hold of them, makes them so ugly and disagreeable, that no one cares to have anything to do with them.

Now let me give you some signs by which you may know when this giant is getting hold of a boy or girl. He generally waits and watches till he hears them asked to do something which he knows they don't like. Then he is ready, in a moment, to begin his attack. He makes the eye begin to frown; he pinches up the mouth; he makes the lips to pout, and swell out to twice their usual size. The fingers begin to wriggle about, like a set of worms; or sometimes one of the fingers goes into the corner of the mouth. The shoulders are seen to twist about, first one way and then the other.

If the boy has a book in his hand, down it drops on the floor, or else it is flung across the room. If he is walking, he stamps with his foot, as if he were trying to get a tight shoe on. If he is sitting, his feet begin to swing backwards and forwards, and make a great noise by striking against the chair. Sometimes he seems to become deaf and dumb. He hears nothing and says nothing. At other times he speaks, but it is just like a dog when snarling over a bone. Whenever you see these signs, you may know that this ugly giant is about, and is busy making prisoners. And if you don't fight bravely against him, he is very likely to fasten his chains on you too.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

GOD reigns in glory, and on high
Sits on his throne of majesty;
Yet from that glorious throne he bends,
And even to a child attends.

Asleep, awake; by night, by day;
Where'er I go, what'er I say;
Although the Lord I cannot see,
His eye is always fixed on me.

He hears me when I pray or praise;
He also ponders all my ways;
May I so live as God approves,
May I be one whom Jesus loves.

God never will forsake his own,
He will not leave me all alone;
When not another friend is near,
May I remember God is here.

Oh, may I try to praise him still,
To know, and love, and do his will;
Then will my joy and gladness be,
That God's own eye is fixed on me.

WOOD.

oak	beech	fo'-li-age
fuel	a'-corn	au'-tumn
tough	val'-leys	grace'-ful

If you take a walk into the country in summer, you will see a great many trees growing at the roadsides covered with leaves of different shapes, sizes, and shades of colour. These trees are not only unlike in their foliage, but when they are cut down, the wood of which they are composed is very different in each kind.

The *Oak* grows to be a very large tree, and lives a great many years. Its bark is very rough, and its branches are long and crooked. Its leaves, which come out in the month of May, are at first small and yellow, but in the course of two or three weeks they turn green, and grow as large as a boy's hand. They are not even along the edges, but are hollowed as if pieces had been cut out. The flower of the

oak is very small, and the seed, which is called an acorn, is shaped somewhat like a small egg, and is held in a sort of cup. The wood of the oak is very hard and strong, and is much used in the building of ships. The beams of houses and churches are also often made of oak, because it lasts for a very long time.

The *Beech*, too, is a large tree, but its bark is very smooth, and the branches spread out wide over the trunk. The buds from which the leaves grow are slender and sharp at the point. The young leaves are of a pale green, and downy, but they soon turn to a darker colour, and at the same time become smooth and glossy. The wood of the beech is made into chairs, tables, platters, and bowls. In countries such as France, where coal cannot be easily got, fires are made of beech wood, because it burns well and gives out more heat than any other sort of wood.

The *Poplar* tree is tall and straight, and its branches are almost as upright and straight as the trunk. Its leaves are smooth, and grow on very slender stalks. The poplar tree grows very rapidly, and its wood is soft and white, and is chiefly used in the making of packing cases.

The *Ash* is a tall and graceful tree. It thrives best when growing on the sides of hills and valleys where there are springs of clear water. The bark on its young branches is very smooth. In winter every branch ends in a black bud, which bursts open as soon as the weather becomes warm, and

then a tuft of small flowers grows from it. When these flowers begin to fade the leaves shoot forth. Each leaf consists of five or six small leaves ranged along two sides of a thin stalk, having an odd one at its end. The wood of the ash is tough and strong, and is much used for making scaffold poles, hoops, and shafts for hammers, picks, and axes.

The *Elm* grows to be a lofty tree, and has a straight solid trunk covered with a rugged bark. Its leaves are small and rough, and are notched at their edges. They are of a bright green colour at first, but they soon become darker, and in autumn turn to a bright yellow. The timber of the elm is strong and tough. As it will last for a long time in water without rotting, it is much used for making the keels of ships.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

THERE'S a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,
Beneath is a soldier lying,
The death-wound came amid sword and plume,
When banner and ball were flying.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
By wet, wild flowers surrounded,
The church shadow falls o'er his place of rest,
Where steps of his childhood bounded.

There were tears that fell from manly eyes,
There was woman's gentle weeping,

And the wailing of age and infant's cries,
O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He had left his home in his spirit's pride,
With his father's sword and blessing;
He stood with the valiant, side by side,
His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again in the light of his fame,
When the red campaign was over;
One heart that in secret had kept his name
Was claimed by the soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came o'er the sky,
He left his sweet home for battle,
And his young child's lisp for the fierce war-cry,
And the cannon's loud death-rattle.

He came again, but an altered man,
The path of the grave was before him,
And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,
For the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory—spoke of cheer—
These are words that are vainly spoken
To the childless mother's or orphan's ear,
Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,
Half hidden by yonder willow,
There he sleeps, whose death in battle was won,
Though he died on his own home pillow.

GLASS.

phĭ'-als	an-neal'	yield'-ing
panes	ar'-se-nic	di'-a-mond
streaks	fur'-nace	man'-ga-nese

THE chief kinds of glass are flint, crown, and plate glass.

Flint glass is formed of sand, potash, and litharge, or red lead, and is made into a very great many useful articles by the aid of a hollow tube and a few very simple tools. The tube is dipped into the melted glass, and as much taken up on the end of it as will make the required article. The workman then applies his mouth to the other end of the tube and blows the glass into a hollow form, shaping it into a wine-glass, a tumbler, a sugar-bowl, or any other vessel. Phials, small bottles, and such vessels, are made into the required form by means of a mould, into which the workman puts the melted glass on the end of his tube, and then the air which he blows into the tube spreads out the soft glass on the inside of the mould, and gives it the required shape. After the articles are formed, they are placed in an oven, which is raised to a great heat, and then allowed to grow cool by degrees. This anneals the glass, and causes it to be less liable to crack with heat or cold.

Crown glass is the kind mostly used for windows, and is harder than flint glass. No lead is used in making it. It is made of sand, soda, with a little borax, arsenic, and manganese. The workman takes

about ten or eleven pounds of the melted glass on the end of an iron tube, and blows it into the form of a large egg. Then pressing it against a plane surface, he flattens the part opposite the end of the tube. An iron rod called a punt is then dipped in the melted glass of the furnace and fixed to the middle of the flattened part, and the tube is removed by wetting the glass around it. The soft yielding glass is now carried by the punt and heated in the furnace, the workman twirling it round quicker and quicker as it becomes softer. This causes the hole left by the tube to grow bigger and bigger, until at last the whole flattens out into a large disk about four or five feet broad. This round sheet is cut into square panes, of the sizes required, by means of a diamond.

Plate glass is a very pure glass, which flows freely when melted, without streaks or air-bubbles. It is made of whitish sand, soda, small portions of lime, and a little manganese and cobalt. The glass, when quite melted, is poured upon an iron table of the size required, and the height to which the sides of the table are raised gives it the proper thickness. After it is poured out, the melted glass is flattened by having a metal roller passed over the upper surface. It is then annealed for several days. After this it is ground very smooth by rubbing two plates together with finely powdered flint and water between them. Each plate is again ground with emery powder, and finally polished so as to be quite clear and bright.

THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Up! up! let us a voyage take,
Why sit we here at ease?
Find us a vessel tight and snug
Bound for the Northern Seas.

I long to see the northern lights,
With their rushing splendours fly,
Like living things with flaming wings,
Across the sunless sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crown'd with snow;
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep,
Two hundred fathoms low.

There shall we see the fierce white bear,
The sleepy seals aground,
And the spouting whales that to and fro
Sail with a dreary sound.

We'll pass the shores of solemn pine
Where wolves and black bears prowl,
And away to the rocky isles of mist,
To rouse the northern fowl.

And there in wastes of the silent sky
With silent earth below,
We shall see far off to his lonely rock
The lonely eagle go.

WILLIAM COLLINS & CO., PRINTERS, GLASGOW.